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Poetry.

SOME DAY.

SOME day, some day of days, threading the street,
With idle, heedless pace,
Unlooking for such grace,
I shall behold your face!
Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet,
Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,
Or winter's icy chill
Touch whitely vale and hill
What matter? I shall thrill
Through every vein with summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,
And for a moment there
I shall stand fresh and fair
And drop the garment, care;
Once more my perfect youth shall nothing lack,

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 'twill be,
How, face to face, each soul
Will slip its long control,
Forget the dismal dole
Of dreary fate's dark, separating sea.

And glance to glance, and hand to hand in greeting,
The past with all its fears,
In silence and its tears,
Its lonely yearning years,
Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.

—*Elizabeth Stewart Phelps.*

Our Story Teller.

ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE.

[From Belgravia. Illustrated by the BLADE.]

RUPERT and Roland were, up to the day when they became bitter enemies, the very greatest friends. There were many reasons for this friendship in addition to the usual one of similarity of tastes and pursuits. They had known each other from their infancy, they went to the same school, and when the idleness of school was exchanged for the toil and labor of preparing for an examination, they chose the same coach and took the same subjects. They both failed in their attempt at Woolwich in the same year, and both succeeded in the Sandhurst examination in the next. And though they chose different regiments, they had both the same club; both had a good deal of "leave," and so they still saw each other a great deal, and it was generally in each other's society that they played billiards, looked at burlesques or ballets, and joined in the other sports and pastimes of town or country. And then, again, the idea that the army was a bore occurred to each simultaneously, and Rupert had not retired to civilian ease more than a fortnight, before Roland followed his example. This friendship, it must be remembered, was in no way of the romantic or sentimental kind; our friends did not suggest Pylades and Orestes or Damon and Pythias to the beholder anxious for classical parallels, and if even Rupert or Roland had read "Cicero de Amichita" he would have been much surprised at what he found there. The friendship was practical and English—by which epithets a superior solidity based upon common sense was supposed to be indicated. But solid as the friendship was, the time came when it broke up altogether, not drifting slowly into indifference—the common fate of such attachments—but being converted into actual dislike, and on one side at least into actual hatred. The cause of this difference was, of course, the great disturbing element in all times, *das ewige Weib*. They both fell in love with the same girl. And if there could be any excuse for a breach of friendship, Miss Alice Hetherington might be taken as an ample apology. Those who a few years ago danced or dined in the great world can hardly have forgotten that young lady, as she flitted about the drawing rooms of Mayfair and Belgravia, under the protecting wing of Lady Heavytop. Alice had everything or nearly everything that a young lady ought to have who wants to make a brilliant marriage In the first place she was very rich. Like the lady in the song, "she had gold and she had land," and there were great heaps of the gold, and in the corner of the land was a big black coal mine, where hundreds of men worked and made Alice richer and richer every day. And then the young lady was so pretty. Her features were as regular as her habits, and her admirers could dissect their admiration and find mouth and nose and chin all perfect and faultless. And then her intelligence! She took in all the reviews and read most of them—when she had time. She was quite accomplished, too, and played the piano "as well as most professionals," people said, and sang divinely—her top C being a wonder of nature not unassisted by art—and her waltzing, and her graceful manners, and her smile so bewitching and adorable—who could resist all these? Her parentage was, it must be admitted, a little obscure; but then her parents were dead, which made all the difference. Her father had, it was believed, worked in the coal mine I have mentioned; but that was years before Alice was born. And then the young lady had never known much of either her parents, who had both materially assisted her chances of a brilliant marriage by their early retirement to a world where the society is not supposed to be so exclusive. So it was no wonder that the young lady's society was eagerly courted, and that masculine enthusiasm could not exhaust itself in the semi-circular admiration of drawing rooms, but boldly rushed on to positive proposals, verbal and epistolary. Alice showed all the letters to Lady Heavytop, who kissed her fervently on both cheeks, and assisted her to indite the letters of refusal, kind and at the same time firm, firm enough to crush all hope, and kind enough to show the delicate feelings of the writer.

"Alice has had many offers, but the right man hasn't turned up yet," Lady Heavytop confided to a friend. "With all her advantages, I look for something quite brilliant."

Then it was that our two friends appeared on the scene, and her ladyship became all attention to the signs of incipient entanglement. For either of the two would be a suitor to be thought of seriously.

"Sir Roland Egham and Sir Rupert Staines, dear," said her ladyship in one of her confidential chats, in which she dealt out the wisdom which was to be a light to Alice's path; "they are both eligible, most eligible. When I say both, of course I mean either." (Alice had smiled.) "I hope one or the other will really come forward."

The worst of it was they both came forward, and simultaneously. Alice was in no hurry to decide between them; she liked them both; they were both eligible, which was the main thing, and they were both good-looking as men go; and they had both been in the army, and Alice was as fond of the "military" as a nurse-maid. Most of young ladies are, for reasons which have not been communicated to the writer of this story. Only here Sir Rupert had a slight advantage, for he had been in action, and had actually seen two men killed. Of course Alice's mind wouldn't have remained long in suspense; what she called her heart, assisted by the counsels of Lady Heavytop, would have decided itself, but before that fond and fluttering organ could speak, the quarrel I have mentioned blazed out between the two friends. For each thought he was concealing the state of his feelings from everybody, and each meditated confiding the sacred secret to his chosen friend. Then, when the truth was evident, each felt the other had betrayed the confidence which he had meant to confide in him. So there was a soreness between the two, which an attempt to be very clever brought into a positive quarrel. It came about in this wise. The two friends, having danced attendance, both literally and figuratively, on Miss Hetherington during the season, continued their dance on the green turf of Goodwood and then followed her to Cowes. From thence the young lady was going to Homburg, while our two friends were expected in Scotland on the 12th. As the time drew near a vague suspicion stole into the mind of each.

"You haven't altered your plans, Rupert, I suppose," said the other doubtfully.

"Plans? Oh, for the 12th. No, I suppose I shall go."

"I had some trouble to get you the invitation. There are plenty of fellows who would give both their ears to shoot Lord Bigwig's moors."

"Of course I am not going to decline now, though I am getting a little tired of the everlasting grouse. You are going North with me, Roland, I suppose?" Rupert said this a little doubtfully.

"No, I think not," was the reply, "if you will excuse me. I want to go up a day or so before, to arrange one or two things with Lord Bigwig's agent. I'll join you at Perth."

Sir Rupert was delighted to hear this, though he managed to dissemble his joy. Roland was going to leave him at least one clear day with the heiress. Perhaps more than one, for it was not after all absolutely necessary he should be on the moors on the morning of the 12th. It was rather bad not to be there, certainly, but he would be guided by events. He said nothing further, but when the time came he saw Sir Roland, safe on board the Southampton steamer, and even then gave no sign of his delight. Then he bought a huge basket of roses, and waited till the Mermaid was on station, when he took a shore boat and went out to her. (The Mermaid is Lord Tuftie's splendid yacht, and Lord Tuftie and Lady Heavytop are cousins, and so it came about that he had had the privilege of having Alice as his guest.)

Lord Tuftie nodded a greeting as the young man arrived alongside with his large basket of flowers.

"Meant for the ladies, old fellow, I suppose," he said. "But I've just landed them at Southanampton, to catch the train for London en route for Homburg, you know. Your *Ædus Achates* went up by the same train."

Sir Rupert clambered on board, feeling very disgusted. It was quite evident now why Sir Roland had gone away, and the thought that he at that identical moment was almost certainly sitting opposite to her in the railway carriage, talking while she smiled responsively, and Lady Heavytop nodded and dozed in the other corner; this imaginative picture exasperated him horribly. He found some consolation in characterizing his friend's conduct as infamous, and the expressions "mean excuse," "shabby trick," repeated over and over to himself, relieved him wonderfully. He had accepted Lord Tuftie's invitation to dine aboard, but I am afraid his lordship did not find him an agreeable companion. Throughout the dinner he was tracking the train on its way to London, more than ever exasperated, as he remembered that the southwestern expresses are very slow. And the huge basket of roses, which had taxed all the floral resources of Cowes, seemed dreadfully silly on the table round which were seen only mustachioed faces. But it was some comfort to think that he would see Sir Roland—he thought of him now with the title prefixed to his name—in a day or two, and be able to tell him what he thought of his paltry subterfuge. This idea consoled him out of the Island and up to Euston and into the Scotch express, which was carrying men and guns on to Caledonia's heathery moors. But at Rugby an idea struck him, an idea which made the set features of his face relax into something like a smile. He would not go to Scotland, but immediately follow Miss Hetherington to Homburg. For his friend's treachery, he felt, had released him from whatever obligation might attach to his promises—which was not really a promise after all.

"I know Roland is cleverer than I am, much cleverer, no doubt," he said to himself, "but this time I'll trump his best card. I am sure she likes me better than him; but he always comes in to spoil my chances, though he hasn't any of his own. This time he won't be in the way."

This idea had fully matured in his mind, and was ripe for execution before the train stopped at Crewe. So he jumped out then, leaving guns and everything but his dressing case to go on to Scotland, and took the train southward. He got back to London in time enough to get the Flushing boat that evening, and the next night he slept in the Hotel d'Angleterre at Homburg.

As he took his coffee the next morning he chuckled to himself as he thought of the stratagem by which he was to ontdo the rival baronet. With the smile still on his face he strolled to Lady Heavytop's hotel, and there, *mirabile dictu*, he saw Sir Roland. The astonishment was mutual, and so was the disgust.

"You here, Sir Roland?" he said, with an emphasis on the prefix.

"The fact is," said the other, "I've been a little seedy lately, and I consulted a swell doctor. He told me Homburg would be just the thing for me, and so here I am. I am going to take the treatment. You got my telegram at Perth?"

Sir Rupert did not reply for some time. Then with a stern voice, imitating as well as his confusion of the tones of an Adelphi hero confronting an Adelphi villain, he said:

"Sir Roland, our friendship is over. But you shall answer to me at some fitting time and place for this deception."

And then he went off to his hotel and sulked all the morning, till the hour of *Mittagessen* gave another turn to his ideas. But though eating and drinking consoled him for a time, he was still furious with his former friend, and inly resolved all sorts of schemes for revenge. Nothing practicable presented itself, and he regretted his want of originality for the first time in his life.

HE MET LADY HEAVYTOP.

But a deeper wrong was in store for him. Next day he met Lady Heavytop and her fair charge, and Alice smiled sweetly on him, for she had by no means decided in favor of Roland, though his star was in the ascendant, as she remarked to Lady Heavytop, who smiled approbation.

Rupert spoke of the theater—a company was coming to Homburg to give a few nights of comic opera, and Alice said she would like to see Gasparone.

"May I offer you a box?" he said to Lady Heavytop.

Her ladyship smiled assent and Rupert was happy—most of all in the thought that Roland had heard the invitation given and accepted. But when some hours later he presented himself at the box office of the theater a great disappointment was in store for him. Every box in the theater had been taken for the particular night on which Gasparone was to be played. He could hardly understand the feeble English of the man in the box office, but so far as he could gather, the boxes had been taken by some one acting on behalf of the Prince of Wales, who was coming to Homburg. But he learnt that the places had been taken only an hour before. He spent the afternoon in concocting a suitable letter of regret and explanation, the composition of which was rendered more difficult by the fact that he had forgotten to bring his pocket-dictionary with him from England. The next day he received a note in almost unintelligible English from the box-keeper, to say that the gentleman who had taken the boxes only required two, and that the rest were to be offered to the public.

That was on the morning of the performance, and he hastened to secure the last remaining box and to write to Lady Heavytop. A brief note came in reply thanking him for the offer, but declining it. Another box had been offered previously and accepted. Full of bewilderment and disquietude, Sir Rupert went early to the theater and set in solitary state in his box. Right opposite to him two boxes had been knocked into one, and flowers and more elaborate curtains indicated the expected coming of some highly honored visitor. Sir Rupert was puzzled—the Prince of Wales had not arrived at Homburg. Whom could the preparations be for? He had just about ten minutes to solve the problem in, and he didn't do it. The solution was forced on him, and the poor fellow became almost livid with jealousy, and mad with rage. For there he saw Sir Roland lead the Lady Heavytop and *her*. And he took his seat between the two ladies, who smiled and beamed on him. They were evidently delighted with the arrangements that had been made in their honor. As if anybody else couldn't have done as much, or more, if he had only thought of it. Sir Rupert's position in the box opposite was almost intolerable, but the bore it as bravely as he could. Sir Roland saw him, nodded, and smiled—an insulting smile. The ladies saw him and bowed, but did not look across again, though his eyes were riveted to their box. Not the slightest movement escaped him. He saw that Alice was not paying much attention to the piece, but was listening to the conversation of her cavalier.

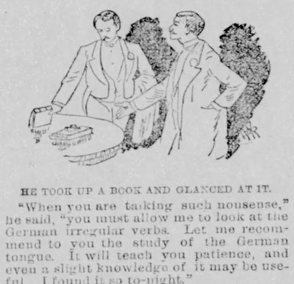
"She wants to hear the music," he said to himself, "but that fellow won't let her."

Sir Roland was as lively as possible, laughed a good deal and very loud. Rupert had always thought his laugh unpleasantly loud, now he thought it disgusting, and fell back for consolation on a well-known proverb. An interview with the box-keeper between the acts showed Sir Rupert the full extent of the treachery of his former friend, and he left the theater with a wild resolve that he would not sleep until he had got some sort of reparation; for he had learned that it was Roland who had bought up all the boxes in the theater to prevent him from fulfilling his promise. He waited some time at Roland's rooms, maddened by the thought that the gallant baronet must be having supper with the ladies at their hotel.

"I will wait till midnight, if necessary," he said, "but I will see him."

He hadn't so long to wait. Germans keep very early hours, and before 10:30 he had poured out a torrent of invective in the presence of his former friend. He concluded with a demand for "satisfaction," and insisted that there must be a meeting."

Roland hardly listened to all this tirade; he took up a book and glanced at it from time to time while the other spoke.



HE TOOK UP A BOOK AND GLANCED AT IT.

"When you are talking such nonsense," he said, "you must allow me to look at the German irregular verbs. Let me recommend to you the study of the German tongue. It will teach you patience, and even a slight knowledge of it may be useful. I found it so to-night.

The other started off on a fresh tirade, with "satisfaction" and "hostile meeting" very prominent throughout.

"Nonsense again," said Sir Roland imperturbably. "I dare say you wish me out of the way. Perhaps the sentiment is mutual. But we can't fight. Dueling is antiquated for Englishmen."

"But we are in Germany."

"That makes no difference; you couldn't find any German seconds, and no Englishmen would act for you. We shall have to deny ourselves the pleasure of cutting each other's throats."

Sir Rupert raged and fumed and swore, but the other was deep in his "Otto."

"Here is an idea," he said at last, "if you are thirsting for my gore Let me read you an extract. 'An apothecary, having without intention insulted a young officer, was summoned by the latter to a duel. Arrived at the place of meeting, the apothecary took from his pocket a small pill box. 'Meine Herren,' he said, 'I can neither shoot nor fight, but have provided myself with a means of satisfying the claims of honor. This pill box holds two pills, the one harmless, the other containing a mortal poison. Let the Herr Lieutenant choose which of the two he prefers. I solemnly promise to take the other.' When the apothecary's proposition had been heard, all joined in hearty laughter, the young lieutenant most of all, and the affair terminated. Now there's an idea for you. You said just now you would cut my throat with pleasure, and have your own cut with pleasure, only a little less. Now if we go out and don't do any cutting to speak of, we shall be laughed at in every club in London and Miss Hetherington will think us ridiculous. Now this plan obviates all that. One of us will have to join the majority, and the other will remain quite well, and without the bad feeling of having killed some one. However, I don't suppose you will accept the proposal. Few people are as anxious to get out of the world as they sometimes pretend. So leave me to my irregular verbs."

"But I do accept the proposal," the other cried hotly.

Sir Roland started in astonishment.

"You don't mean that you agree seriously?"

"I do, on condition of entire secrecy."

"Then come to-morrow night, and I will have the pills ready. Now, let me get to bed—the irregular verbs I was going to learn won't do me much good if I am destined to take poison to-morrow."

After a few more words Sir Rupert went away, already alarmed at his own daring in accepting such a plan of settlement, but determined to carry it through.

When he was gone, his rival sat for a while thinking. Then he burst out laughing.

"Rupie is a greater fool than I ever thought him," he said.

Then he worked at irregular verbs for an hour, and then went to bed.

When Sir Rupert arrived the next evening, he looked very grave.

"I have come," he said, "to carry out the arrangement."

"Seriously, you mean it!"

"Seriously, I do."

"Then I shall not back out—here are the pills."

He took two boxes, each containing a pill, from a drawer.

"The one in my right hand," he said, "is the poison one. You see, in appearance they are exactly alike. Now I empty them both into this wine glass and shake the glass. Now can you tell which is which?"

"No, but perhaps you can."

Sir Rupert said this doubtfully, for it seemed impossible to see any difference between them.

"Well, then," said Sir Roland, "you shall choose one for me to take. I will take it first, and you shall have the other. Is it agreed?"

Sir Rupert handed a pill over to the other, who swallowed it in silence.

A few minutes elapsed, while Sir Rupert gazed at the fateful globule.

"You shall see me take it," he said, "but may I write a letter first?"

"Certainly."

There was a few minutes' scribbling, and then Sir Roland spoke.

"Sir Rupert," he said, "the pill you have must be the poisonous one, otherwise I should hardly be living now. I might insist on your carrying out the arrangement, but I had much rather you didn't. I only ask that you should go right away somewhere. If you take the pill now, knowing it is the wrong one, you are really committing suicide."

Sir Rupert hesitated for a long time, gazing now at his rival, now at the pill left alone in the wine-glass.

At last, with a deep sigh, he said:

"I throw up the sponge. You have beaten. I will not take the pill yet. But I will leave you a free field. And I will take the pill with me in case—in case I want it. I will quit Homburg to-morrow early."

The next morning brought a brief note.

"You will not see me again. I shall go to Texas, or Colorado, or somewhere there, and shoot. Perhaps be shot, who knows?"

The reading of this letter gave an additional flavor to Roland's early breakfast.

"I have shaken him off at last," he said.

And he remembered with pleasure that he would meet Miss Hetherington that morning.

* * *

Nearly five years afterward the two rivals met again in Piccadilly. Each looked notes of interrogation at the other, but they shook hands and agreed to dine together. Over the dinner table Rupert narrated his adventures to Roland, who had not heard of him since their parting. There was much talk of cowboys, ranches, and big shots, but the main thing was he was married.

"I picked up a very nice girl, pretty and an heiress," he said briefly; "I am bringing her over here for the first time. I am awful fond of her, you know. And how do you get on with Alice?"

"With Alice?"

"You are married, are you not?"

"Yes, I am; but not to Miss Hetherington. A young marquis came along the day you left and cut me out. And I am not sorrow now."

There was an interval of silence, to break which Rupert produced from his pocket the identical pill-box in which he had taken away the pill he had not wished to take.

"There it is," he said, "the pill is still there. I thought I would bring it along to-night and show you."

To his horror his friend calmly swallowed the globule and drank some water.

"Good heavens! what are you doing?" Rupert cried out.

The other laughed.

"My dear fellow," he said, "neither of the pills was poisonous. They were both the same—dinner pills. I was hoaxing you all the time. I only wanted to get you away."

Rupert looked a little mortified.

"It wouldn't do to play such tricks in Texas," he said. "But as you didn't marry Alice after all, I will forgive you."

And so the dinner went on more and more harmoniously, and near the end of it Roland remarked in confidence that they had had a lucky escape in not marrying Miss Hetherington.

"She is growing fat and coarse-looking, and they say the Marquis is horribly henpecked."

And Rupert confided to his friend that in his opinion American girls were nicer than their English sisters—livelier, and not so conventional.

"Wait until you have seen my wife," returned Sir Roland.

And by the time the dinner was finished the friendship was cemented more firmly than ever; and as they drove up Piccadilly in the same hansom afterward, both made a rather discordant but still fairly successful attempt to sing "Auld Lang Syne."

POETRY IN NATURE.

OUT in the garden, wee Elsie
Was gathering flowers for me;
"Oh, mamma," she cried,
"Hurry, hurry,
Here's something I want you to see."

I went to the window.
Before her
A velvet-winged butterfly flew,
And the pansies themselves were not brighter
Than the beautiful creature in hue.

"Oh, isn't it pretty?" cried Elsie,
With eager and wondering eyes,
As she watched it soar lazily upward
Against the soft blue of the skies.

"I know what it is, don't you mamma?"
Oh, the wisdom of these little things
When the soul of a poet is in them,
"It's a pansy—a pansy with wings."

—*Vick's Magazine.*

THE BACHELOR'S EGGS.

He Tried to Get Them Boiled Soft, But They Came Out Stone Hard Every Time.

A Scranton bachelor, who boards at one of the hotels and rooms outside, got so tired of eating stale eggs a while ago that he thought he would see if he couldn't change the programme a little. So he bought three dozen new-laid eggs and took them to his lodgings, and when he went to tea that night he carried a couple of the eggs in his pocket and told the plesant-faced waiter girl to have them boiled soft. They came back as hard as rocks, and the bachelor boarder declared that no one in that kitchen knew enough to boil an egg. The handsome waiter girl said she was sorry that the cook hadn't done as she had ordered her to, and she volunteered to have two other eggs boiled soft, but the boarder told her she needn't. The next morning he took two more eggs over to the hotel and gave special directions as to how they should be boiled, and he had to swear when he opened them, for they were as hard as base balls.

At supper that night he took three eggs, got another girl to take his orders, and gave the same directions. Result: Three eggs as unyielding as bullets. The bachelor said he guessed it was time for him to change his boarding place, and he uttered other unpleasant remarks regarding the interior management of the culinary department of the house. But he was on hand the next morning, and he had three nice large fresh eggs in his pocket. Calling his favorite girl, he said:

"Now, I want you to open these eggs, drop them in hot water, and poach them very soft, and, my dear, I want you to stand by them and see that they are cooked right."

She said she would, and away she went, but in a minute or so she returned looking sad, and with the three eggs in six halves on a dish.

"I am sorry, sir," she said, and her light soprano voice trembled, "but these eggs were already boiled as hard as they could be when I broke them," and she placed them on the table in front of the irate bachelor.

He smelled a rat right away, and he left the table at once and started out to verify his suspicions. His investigations were finished by the middle of the forenoon, and what he found out was this: A married friend of his, who lived in the house where the bachelor has his lodgings, is a practical joker of the highest order. He had taken all of the eggs to the kitchen, boiled them as hard as he could, and then placed them back in the bachelor's basket.

"It's all right," said the bachelor to another friend, "but I'll lay for him with a trick that will make him hate himself like Satan for a year and a half."

Doing the Profession a Service.

Well Informed Burglar (reading news paper)—Bill, here's a piece of news. Some smart cuss has got up another scheme for heading us off. He has invented an arrangement for taking an instantaneous photograph of a fellow by electric light as soon as he goes to work on a safe.

Second Burglar—It's kind of him to publish it. We'll know what to do when we undertake to crack a safe hereafter. But it's tough on a man with any self-respect to have to put on some low down disguise and make a White Cap of himself, ain't it, Jim?—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Sense of Safety.

I asked my own class of boys and girls if they always said their prayers night and morning. Most replied that they did, but one small child said she only said her prayers in the morning. "Indeed, and how is that?" I inquired. "I should think you would need God's care more at night than in the daytime. Why don't you say your prayers at night?"

"'Cause I always sleep in the middle," was the quick reply.—*Pittsburg Press.*

Our New Temperance and Religious Serial.

THE FOLLETT CURSE;

A TALE OF AMERICAN LIFE OF TO-DAY.

THE BLADE'S $2,500 STORY.

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CHAPTER XVII.

CREEDS AND CHRISTIANITY.

THERE was silence for a few minutes. Frank was mentally revolving the points advanced, and considering how far their acceptance would answer the arguments current against Christianity. Mr. Radcliffe gazed dreamily into space, apparently oblivious of the presence of the young man. Frank finally reached a point in his cogitations at which a common objection arose, and broke the silence by asking:

"Mr. Radcliffe, the various Christian sects each claim, apparently, to have the truth embraced in their form of belief. Now, there is a great variety of these sects. If one of these—to suppose a case—is entirely right at all points of its belief, then the others must be more or less wrong. That is, they must either deny a portion of the whole truth, and accept only a part of it, or they have added things to the truth which are really not essential to believe. Or, it may be that they have done both. How is one who is a sincere searcher after 'the truth as it is in Christ Jesus' to determine how far he is to go in his belief? How shall he decide among this great variety of creeds? What rule shall he adopt to reach certainty in these matters? And why, if the religion of Christ is really divine, is it that men take such widely differing views of what they shall believe?"

"You must remember, Frank," answered the minister, roustin himself from his abstraction, "that Christ perfected no church organization. He was, so far as that is concerned, simply a teacher of eternal truth. He never formulated a creed; he never organized a single congregation. The organization of His followers into societies became a necessity as His doctrines spread. Hence, it was inevitable that there should grow up, in the different localities, differing forms of organization, and different views of the mode of baptism and the administration of the sacrament, and so on. We know nothing of these things save that which is given us in the gospels. Take the mode of baptism, for instance; we do not know certainly the precise method employed on any of the occasions where Christian baptism was administered, as related in the New Testament. It may have been by immersion, or by pouring or sprinkling. Possibly, all these different forms were used, each as was most convenient. It is a symbolic rite entirely; and it seems to me that the method employed is of the very least consequence. The main point is that the person receiving it shall be at heart sincerely a follower of our Lord. But it was natural that there should be differing views about the methods, as time went on. And it is not at all strange that the next step was taken by some—to deny that those who differed with them in opinion as to the manner of its administration were right. The tendency in human belief is always to accept our own view as the only correct one."

"Can there be more than one correct way?" asked Frank.

"Why not? The essence of baptism, I take it, is its symbolical meaning of a cleansing from sin through an acceptance of Christ as our Redeemer. What possible difference can it make with the soul's welfare, if the water were applied in one way or in another?"

"Is the same thing true of other points of difference between the sects?"

In a greater or less degree. What is the objective point of all? To bring men to Heaven. Now let us use a very simple illustration. Suppose a city set on the shore of the sea, at the mouth of a river, with roads radiating in all directions. Some grand event is to take place, and the people attend in great numbers. Now, it depends very much upon a man's location which road he will take to reach the city which is the common objective point. One dweller on the coast will walk along the sandy shore, which affords a smooth pathway, following its indentations and projections. Another takes the rocky, winding road across the mountains and hills that intervene. Another crosses the dry and burning desert that stretches out between him and the city. Still another takes his boat and rows down the river. One comes by sea in a vessel, another takes the shaded valley road that is for him the nearest route.

"Now, this illustration can be applied in this way. The different roads are the creeds and beliefs of the different sects. As a man takes the road which is the most convenient for him to reach the city, so he adopts the creed which most nearly commends itself to his judgment. But the error which has caused much trouble in the Christian world is the assumption that because one particular road leads to the city, it cannot be reached by any other road. It is as if the dweller beyond the mountains should declare that the man who started to go down the river in his boat was wrong, and would never arrive at his destination, because he did not join him in taking the mountain path. He is in error, because both eventually reach the city at last."

"Why did not Christ authoritatively declare the things necessary to human salvation, and avoid the possibility of this clash of opinions?" was Danforth's next query.

"He did, my boy. Read the Gospels, and you have an authoritative statement of the essentials of belief."

"And all else are non-essential?"

"It is my belief that they are absolutely of no account in the final judgment. If you will examine the matter, you will find that the mode of church organization and government is the primary ground on which there is a wide divergence of opinion, and that this apparent multiplicity of sects is largely due to differing views on this non-essential."

"Why was not this obviated by the Founder of Christianity, Mr. Radcliffe? Why did not he organize His followers, thus giving a model to be followed?"

"Who can answer that satisfactorily? Perhaps the best view to take of it is, that He taught nothing but the absolute essentials to salvation. All else was left to be arranged as should be found most expedient for His followers. Men's minds vary greatly, and in the ages succeeding it is not strange that there were differences of opinion, and, as a result, various plans of organization."

"Do you regard the number of sects as an evil?"

"Not particularly. The one lamentable error that has come down from the days of Apostolic Christianity has been the tendency to add to the real requirements of Christ of his followers. The human mind runs in logical grooves, and it seeks to go back and reason out things to their ultimate cause or origin. This is laudable and proper, so far as all things finite are concerned. When applied to the infinite it necessarily must fail. This was the cause of many disputes among the earliest Christians. Ecclesiastical history is full of theological contests. There is not much doubt, it seems to me, but that the immediate followers of Christ in Juden were strictly orthodox Jews, differing only from the Essenes, the Sadducees, Pharisees, and other Jewish sects in their belief that Jesus was the Messiah. You know the name "Christian" first was used at Antioch to specify the converts made by Paul and Barnabas. The Jews who followed Christ were called Nazarenes. Yet the differences in doctrine between the two (the name "Christian" soon extending to the other churches in Asia Minor), became so great that eventually the Nazarenes as a sect, died out in the darkness of a later age, stigmatized as heretics and schismatics.

"So we come down the centuries, the history of the church being a history of these extensions of doctrine, and the struggles which have resulted. The great controversy between Arius and Athanasius, and the troubles growing out of it, will recur to your mind at once. To me, all these things are not only non-essential, but childish. I care not what else a man may believe; but if he shall declare his faith in Christ as the Redeemer of the world, I shall greet him as a brother in the Lord."

"Do you think, sir, that your congregation would go that far with you?" inquired Frank, with a smile.

"Probably not. The tendency is in the other direction. It may be that I have erred in not insisting more upon charity toward those who disagree with us on minor points. We are sticklers for dogmas that we do not recognize, so long as they believe the primal truths of Christianity. If so, I have been derelict from duty, and shall try to amend my course."

CHAPTER XVIII.

PREPARING FOR BATTLE.

MANY things conspired to make the sojourn of Anna Pearce with her Doncaster relatives a pleasant one. She had been away from her home surroundings but very infrequently, and never so far as at present. The people she met were all agreeable, especially Milly and her husband. Milly really liked the quiet little Western girl very much, while Harry, naturally polite to her sex, took special pains to make himself agreeable to her in order to further the compact he had made with Morris.

The latter gentleman seemed to have abundant leisure and the means to enjoy it. He took up his quarters at the hotel, but there was not a day he was not at the Follett house, seeming to have no other object than to put himself at the service of the ladies. He noted that Anna was much interested in Master Jack, who was a fine, lusty baby, full of life, and Morris speedily enrolled himself as one of the young tyrant's admirers. He found in this and in various other ways many opportunities of being in Anna's company, and it soon became whispered around that he was a suitor for the girl's hand, the more readily as the fact that he was her guardian was not known. He was well liked by the acquaintances he had made, and was altogether deemed a desirable addition to Doncaster society.

Jennie Andrews was an exception, however. The circumstances under which she had met him caused her to look upon him with suspicion, and she often speculated upon the possible contents of his "find" in the cemetery.

There was one other person to whom Mr. Morris was the subject of a great deal of interest. That person was none other than John Hargreave. He noticed Morris on the street only a day or two after his coming, and made it his business to find out all he could about him. This information amounted to but little; that Miss Pearce, of Iowa, was a cousin of Harry Follett's, and had arrived on an indefinite visit; that Morris was a wealthy young gentleman, a friend of the lady's, and had accompanied her; and that he was on intimate terms with Harry Follett.

This information perplexed the old man not a little. That there was an ulterior purpose of which nothing appeared on the surface was perfectly plain to him. Now, what was that motive? If Morris intended to assert legally the validity of the duplicate wills, why had he gotten on such intimate terms so suddenly with Henry Follett? Uncle John scented mischief. One morning, as he sat at breakfast with Aunt Betsey, he startled that worthy lady tremendously by suddenly inquiring, point blank:

"Betsey, when were you over to see Milly last?"

The old lady nearly fell from her chair in the extremity of her amazement.

"Over to—to see Milly?" she gasped.

"That is what I asked you, certainly. Have you been at her house recently?"

"N-no, not for over a week."

"Do you know anything about the young lady who is visiting there?"

"Only that she is Harry's cousin, from Iowa. Has she come?"

"Yes. Understand me, Betsey: I haven't the least desire to interfere with you visiting Milly if you see fit. Because I am grieved and hurt at her unfilial conduct is no reason why you should abstain from seeing her, if you desire to do so."

And finishing his cup of coffee, John Hargreave took his hat and left the house, perfectly assured that Aunt Betsey would promptly call on Milly, and that he would be able to obtain all the information imparted to her, when she returned.

The result did not equal his expectations. Milly knew nothing of the duplicate wills, nor of Anna's claims to her grandfather's estate. Nor did she know anything about Morris more than was already in possession of her father.

Chance, however, threw an important factor his way, when he was least looking for it. Frank Danforth had been employed in the settlement of the affairs of a failed firm, with whom Mr. Hargreave had held business relations, and in the course of this he had become tolerably well acquainted with the young man. He found much to admire in Frank's business talents, and mentally decided that the latter was an excellent person to intrust with those of his affairs needing legal advice. He knew, of course, that Danforth had read law with Harry Follett, and it occurred to him one day that possibly he might be able to give him some information about Morris.

With this idea in mind, he sent word to Frank to call at his house that evening The young man had intended to spend the evening in Jennie's society, but the call of duty could not be postponed, and he was promptly on hand at the appointed time.

Mr. Hargreave abruptly opened the conversation by stating that he thought of intrusting some confidential business matters to his care, but that as Harry Follett was probably concerned in them in some manner, he first desired to know exactly the relations in which Danforth stood to him. The replies were satisfactory, and after stipulating that the conversation must be considered strictly confidential, he proceeded to inquire about Morris.

Frank told him all that he knew, save the adventure of Jennie at the old cemetery. There were but little that his interlocutor did not already know. Mr. Hargreave drummed reflectively upon his desk, his head bent, evidently considering. Finally he went on:

"Well, Mr. Danforth, it is necessary for me to know what this man's business in Doncaster may be. He has some private end to compass, and I want to find out what it is."

"That is hardly in my line," responded Frank. "A detective would be better for the purpose."

"Perhaps, still, it may be that you can obtain a clue to the matter. I will put you in possession of all that I know, and then you will be able to judge what steps are best."

Thereupon he proceeded to relate his interview with Morris at Columbus, the story of the two wills, and the fact that Anna Pearce was the beneficiary—all of which has been already related in detail.

Frank listened with the deepest attention. When the old man had finished, he related, in confidence, what had been told to himself by Jennie regarding Morris's visit, over a year before, to the old cemetery, and what he had found there.

The old man was vividly interested in the story. "That girl is a trump!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know that a woman, especially a young one, could keep a secret so well! Had she been one of the ordinary sort, that story would have been all over Doncaster the same evening! But what do you suppose it was that he dug up?"

"I cannot conjecture. I have spent a good deal of thought upon it, but can not form any reasonable hypothesis."

"I will tell you what I believe, Mr. Danforth. There is where he obtained the second of the two wills—the one that old Eben Wilson kept in his own possession! And if that was in the find, we may be reasonably sure that there were letters and private papers along with it."

"How did Morris know they were there?"

"Who can tell us, except himself? He is a smooth, sharp, dangerous man! He is playing a game, and for big stakes, whatever they may be. And his game is the thing to be found out!"

Mr. Hargreave considered the point. "It may be as you say, Mr. Danforth. It is possible—nay, I think even probable—that line will was there. Of course there would then be letters and other papers along with it. And there might have been still something else."

"And that would be ——?"

"Money, or its representative in stocks or bonds or notes. It has always been a mystery what Nathan Wilson did with his share of the inheritance he received from his father. The income of it, if it had been properly invested—but I have no means of knowing whether it was or not, however—would have been ample to have maintained Nathan Wilson in his moderate mode of life. Yet he left little or nothing—a few hundred dollars, at most."

"Who deposited the will, and whatever may have been done with it, in that gruesome spot?" queried Frank, restlessly walking up and down the room.

"That is to be found out. We may be on the wrong scent altogether; but the uncertainty and mystery of this fellow Morris's connection with the whole affair must be cleared up. Mystery means wrong-doing, every time, in business. The man whose actions will bear the light does not indulge in it."

"It is a tangled skein to unravel," answered Danforth. "If we had but one end of it in our hands!"

"That we must have. Do you know to a certainty that Morris belongs in Des Moines?"

"I think he does."

"Then you must make a quiet trip out there to find out all you can, not only about Morris, but about Mrs. Pearce's inheritance and the relation in which Morris really stands toward this girl—Anna Pearce —who is here now. The expense I will bear, of course. How soon can you start?"

Frank considered for a moment. "It depends on Mr. Follett's engagements in the campaign. If he will be at home next week I can start almost immediately—that is, after I have made some guarded inquiries about Morris."

"Good! Let me hear from you to-morrow as to the time you can start. Better drop in yourself, as I will have a check for you, for your expenses."

Frank found it possible for him to go almost at once, and so informed Mr. Hargreave, who handed him a check to cover his expenses as well as a retainer for his services in the case. When John Hargreave desired work done in his interest, he was shrewd enough to pay well for it. He knew that the stimulus of generous remuneration was the best possible for prompt and thorough work.

"When will you start?"

"At 10 o'clock to-night."

"What does Harry Follett know of your journey?"

"Nothing, except that I am going to Chicago on legal business."

"Good! Stay as long as necessary, Mr. Danforth; and I trust that you will return with a clue to the mystery in your hands. Meanwhile I shall not be idle here. I shall have a detective in Doncaster within two days, and see what can be done to fathom the mystery of Morris's sojourn among us."

Frank Danforth might have gone earlier, but he desired to see Jennie again before

Recent Literature.

BOOKS CHOICE AND ENTERTAINING.

Face to Face with the Mexicans—Historical Collections of Ohio—New Latin Dictionary—Life of Gen. Gordon—A Heart Regained—Several Pamphlet Novels—April Magazines—Literary Notes.

"Face to Face With the Mexicans," by Fannie Chambers Gooch, is published by Fords Howard & Hulbert, New York city. She gives an entirely different view of this country from that usually entertained, and her vivid and picturesque descriptions will not only be read as fine literary work, but also because of the valuable information contained. Mrs. Gooch went to Mexico, primarily for her health, taking with her letters to distinguished Mexicans, which opened the doors of homes to her that are rarely entered by foreigners. She met many cultivated women, earnest in good works; saw the inside workings of their systems, and watched them for seven years, and concluded that the people of the United States know very little of Mexico. Hence her book.

With keenly, observant eye, she has evidently studied her subject to a purpose. That the facts she states are trustworthy, is made plain by names of those persons whom she quotes in her preface as having given her information.

The volume is a very handsome one—an ornament to any library. It is printed upon fine, creamy paper, elegantly illustrated and handsomely bound, and cannot fail to find favor with all intelligent readers who care to know the truth about Mexico and her people.

The first volume of "Historical Collections of Ohio," by Henry Howe, is extremely interesting, not only in its subject matter, but because it represents the changes and growth in the state in the last 40 years, observed and recorded by the author of the same work published at that distance from the present. It is rare, indeed, that such a thing occurs. In 1846 Mr. Howe traveled over Ohio. It was then a comparatively new land under the sun. "So young was it," he says in the preface to this edition, "that 84 out of 107 of its lawmakers were born strangers. The present governor, J. B. Foraker, was born that very year." Most of the houses were log-houses, and everything was crude and unfinished.

In 1887, Mr. Howe went over the same ground once more, and the result of his observations are to be given to the public. Ohio may well be proud of his showing. A pictorial contrast is made in these volumes as well as shown by the text.

Mr. Howe has done a most excellent work, and one that must find great favor throughout the state. He deserves, and will receive, ample encouragement in the introduction of the book, which is called the "Centennial Edition." It will be sold by subscription, through canvassers. Henry Howe & Son, publishers, Columbus, Ohio.

In Prof. Charlton T. Lewis's "Latin Dictionary for Schools", scholars and teachers will find a work which, as a lexicon is most admirable. Its preparation has extended over nine years, and it has been most ably, as well as most carefully done, forming a comprehensive and accurate dictionary for the study of this language. It is not, as some might think, an abridgement of the larger one, but is in fact an entirely independent plan, containing all that the student needs, after acquiring the elements of grammar, for the pursuit of the study. The cordial commendation of a large number of eminent scholars has been given to the work, including Prof. Lane of Harvard, to whom it is dedicated. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York city.

A most interesting study is the life of General Gordon, by Sir W. Butler, the first of a series entitled "English Men of Action," published by Macmillan & Co., New York. It is evidently written by one who believed in the nobility and courage of this brave man who lost his life through the cruel indifference of his country, which had sent him upon a mission and then gave him no support at the most critical moment. The style is wonderfully vivid and graphic. The work may be a trifle too much in the nature of a panegyric, but yet few will find fault with it for that, so intense is the sympathy with the unfortunate Englishman. His achievements in both Asia and Africa before he entered upon his final work are given by his biographer with exceeding clearness and precision. The book is very readable, and is a fitting introduction to a series for which there is ample room and material.

"A Heart Regained," by Carman Sylva, translated by Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell, is a novel written in the terse, vigorous style characteristic of its author. It is a story of foreign people and must be read with that thought. THE BLADE has already noticed it in its columns. Published by Cuppies & Hurd, Boston.

"Choice Cookery," by Catherine Owen, is published by Harper & Brothers, New York. It is not, the author states, intended for housekeepers who have to study economy, but, for those who are anxious to obtain whatever is new in the line of cooking; who might be able to spend a dollar for materials, but not four or five to pay the charges of a caterer. The volume is full of excellent recipes.

T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York, publish in pamphlet form "Anna Karenina" by Count Tolstoi, translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. This work has won for itself a permanent place among the great works of fiction of the world. Written with the noblest purpose of showing the triumph of right over wrong as well as the danger of violating the moral law, it at the same time gives unequalled pictures of high life and low life among the Russians. Its truthfulness of delineation, of character-drawing and of description, has been confessed by all acquainted with the world of which the author writes.

"Economic Value of Electric Light and Power," by A. R. Foote, is published by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. The enormous use to which this agent is now put renders such a work of great interest. In the prefatory chapter the author gives the following as those to whom he designs the book to be of service: 1st. To those who are interested in obtaining state or municipal legislation. Such legislation should place the electric service of a city on the basis of a public improvement, entitled to special privileges, in order to secure the service for users, on terms and under economic conditions best calculated to properly serve the interests of all citizens. 2d. To those who are, or about to become, interested in Electric Central Station, and desire to increase their facilities until they realize the full possibilities of their opportunity. 3d. To manufacturers, to assist them in opening new fields for the use of their apparatus, and extending its use where a beginning has been made.

The new pamphlet novels continue to multiply. In Lovell's International Series comes "In Exchange for a Soul." by Mary Linskill; and "Under False Pretences," by Adeline Sergeant. Price of first 30 cents; of last, 50 cents. A third of the same series is "Penny Lancaster, Farmer," by Mrs. Bellamy, author of "Old Man Gilbert," etc. Price 50 cents.

In the Globe Library, published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, comes "Jack Dudley's Wife," by E. M. Davy, a book already known to the readers of THE BLADE, it having appeared first in this country serially in its columns. It is a good story. Another of the same series is "The Queen's Token," by the popular novelist, Mrs. Castel Hoey.

In the Denison series, published by T. L. Denison, Chicago, is "Broken Lives," by C. F. McNutt. Price 25 cents.

"Saved by the Sword" is also a novel in its second edition, issued in pamphlet form. Its author is Robert Rexdale, a young journalist, and his work seems to have met with fair success. Winthrop Publishing company, Boston.

Literary Notes.

The biography of William Lloyd Garrison by his sons will be completed this autumn.

Andrew Carnegie is said to be writing a novel in which he will deal with the labor question.

Literature for March 16 has a portrait and sketch of Rose Terry Cooke.

"Women on Horseback" is the title of an illustrated historical paper by Ella Hepworth Dixon in *Woman's World*.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, will issue in attractive form some of their Easter books, which have already acquired extensive popularity.

The April number of the *Century* will be devoted largely to celebrating the centennial of the inauguration of Washington in New York, April 30, 1789.

A portrait of the lady who writes such charming short stories under the nom de plume of "Octave Thanet" will be the frontispiece to the April *Book Buyer*.

After a brief but checkered career of less than two years, the *American Magazine* has suspended publication, whether finally or not we shall not venture to say.

Mr Clarence Stuart Ward, whose "Wit, Wisdom, and Beauties of Shakespeare" the literary world well remembers, is writing a novel entitled "The Reproof of Chance."

There is talk in Chicago of reviving *Literary Life*, Rose Elizabeth Cleveland's magazine. Its founder, William M. Clemens, is now living in Colorado, engaged in literary work.

The autobiography upon which Mr. Joseph Jefferson has been engaged for a considerable period will be published in the pages of the *Century*, beginning this autumn. It will be illustrated with many portraits.

Prof. H. H. Boyesen has never been seen to better advantage than in his short stories. The collection of his latest efforts in this direction is issued by the D. Lothrop company under the characteristic title of "Vagabond Tales."

Mr. B. P. Shillaber, better known as the irrepressible Mrs. Partington, now lives in Chelsea, one of Boston's many suburbs. He is 74 years of age, and crippled with rheumatism. He walks about the house with a cane, and goes out of doors only in a carriage.

Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. have just published "The Thumb Bible," illustrating one of the many curiosities of Bible renderings. It is an inch and three-quarters square and half an inch thick, and allows from one to eight pages to each book of the Bible, meaning to give its pith in a few couplets, of which there is one on each page. Its author was John Taylor, born in 1580, and the book was published in 1693.

A new story by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett will shortly be brought out by the Scribners. It is a tale of Spanish love and romance, with a beautiful country girl and one of Spain's most popular bullfighters as the two principal characters. The story will have for its title, "The Pretty Sister of Jose," and is said to be unlike anything Mrs. Burnett has previously written. The first edition of the book will run far up into the thousands.

Miss Alice C. Fletcher, who is engaged on a monograph of Omaha songs, the result of the observation of several years, has received valuable assistance from Mr. Francis La Flesche, of the Omaha tribe, a brother of the well-known "Bright Eyes," now Mrs. Tibbles. Considerably more than 100 songs have been obtained from native singers, and the music noted; and these, with the accompanying account of tribal ceremonies, will make the work a veritable picture of the life of the Omahas.

Laura Daintry has felt called upon to publicly deny an imputation made by Ella Wheeler Wilcox concerning the heroine of "Eros," and this Daintry takes occasion at the same time to rather curiously compare her own notorious work with that of Amelie Rives, to the detriment of the latter. The whole mob of "passionate" feminine scribblers is a weariness and a nuisance, and wholly without interest to the healthy-minded reader. Our literature can worry along for two or three decades without any more heroes who pose and heroines who huddle.

CULINARY MAXIMS.

Good bread needs no trumpet.

To the lean pig a fat acorn.

Of soup and love, the first is best.

More die of food than famine.

Constant repetition cloys the taste.

A sharp tooth for hard bread.

Good management is better than good income.

Handle the pudding while it is hot.

Brackish water is sweet in a drouth.

Much money, many dishes; little money; little wishes.

Don't clean your fish till you catch them.

A hungry stomach is ready for anything.

Let fancy and judgment, not cost, prepare all your dishes.

It is a poor goose that will not baste herself.

Let the company be neither noisy nor mute.

It is a strange salt fish that no water can freshen.

A capon eight months old is fit for a king's table.

Live to-day—to-morrow may be too late—the wise lived yesterday.

Whatsoever was the father of a disease, an ill diet was the mother.

He who knows how to eat and what to eat has no need of a dukedom.

The host is a king supreme; a disloyal guest an abomination.

Guide your tongue deftly at the table—the teeth need no directing.

Heaven is merciful to the poor man, and reserves the jaded palate for the rich.

A multiplicity of vegetables leaves no elbow-room for the turkey.—*Table Talk.*

How the Piano Grew.

The piano, as we see it to-day, is the growth of centuries of invention. In its infancy it was a harp with two or three strings. From time to time more strings were added, and after a while the cithara was born. The cithara was in the shape of the letter P, and had ten strings.

It took many centuries for musicians to get the idea of stretching the strings across an open box, but somewhere about the year 1200 this was thought of, and the dulcimer made its appearance, the strings being struck with hammers.

For another hundred years these hammers were held in the hand of the player, and then a genius invented a keyboard, which, being struck by the fingers, moved the hammers.

This instrument was called a clavicytherium, or keyed cithara. This underwent some modifications and improvements from time to time. In Queen Elizabeth's time it was called a virginal. Then it was called a spine, because the hammers were covered with spines of quills, which struck or caught the strings of wires and and produced the sound. From 1700 to 1800 it was much enlarged and improved, and called a harpsichord, and this was the instrument that Lady Washington, Mrs. Hamilton and the fine ladies of our revolutionary times played upon.

In 1710, Bartolomeo Cristofoli, an Italian, invented a key or keyboard, such as we have now substantially, which caused hammers to strike the wires from above, and thus developed the piano.

In the past 150 years there is no musical instrument which has so completely absorbed the inventive faculty of man as the piano. The reason is obvious; it is the household instrument par excellence.

Being Well Dressed Not Extravagance.

I once heard a mother who had been criticised for her personal vanity by a somewhat gossipy neighbor say that she made it a duty and a pleasure to keep well dressed, for she was likely at any hour to be called upon to entertain friends whose good opinion was of such consequence that she could not afford to run the risk of having them find her in any but neat and presentable attire, so writes a correspondent. The friends were her husband and children, and she was fully compensated for her care in this direction by their approval and appreciation. To be "well dressed" was not, to her mind, an admission of extravagance. Good taste and good planning often stand in place of dollars and cents, and the lady in question was able to dress well on half the cost of her neighbor's wardrobe.

An End Man.

A.—Say, did you see Tom Peterson anywhere in your travels?

B.—You mean the Peterson who used to be in the negro minstrel business?

"Yes, that's the man."

"I saw him in Omaha."

"You don't say so? Is he still in the minstrel business?"

"Well, he's not exactly in the minstrel business, but he is a sort of an end man."

"How's that?"

"He is a grave digger."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE WOMEN WHO WORK.

Their Industrial Condition—Two Women Have Interviewed 17,000 Women in the Chief Cities of This Country—The Results of Their Investigation.

One of the last acts of the late Congress was to authorize the publication of the fourth annual report of the commissioner of labor, which is devoted entirely to the condition of working women in the United States. The compilation of the statistics and information embodied in the volume are due to the endeavor of two young women, working with slight assistance from one man, under the direction of Mr. Carroll D. Wright, commissioner of labor, and with the purpose of presenting an authentic picture of the industrial condition of working women of the day, to furnish a valuable addition to the history of the times which should be absolutely true, and to gather data for its scientific bearing upon social problems. When Mr. Wright was in charge of the Bureau of Statistics he conceived the idea of making a report of the working women of Boston with respect to their home as well as shop conditions, and to this end he had 1,000 representative working women, not including the semi-professional women, interviewed personally. At his appointment as commissioner of labor by President Arthur he determined to extend his investigations to other cities, and accordingly all the representative cities from New England to the Mississippi river, as far south as New Orleans, as well as the large cities on the Pacific coast, where working women are congregated in large numbers, have been visited and the condition of their working people very thoroughly looked into and accurately reported. The gathering of this information required the greatest tact and sagacity, for working women are, as a rule, extremely reserved, too proud to confess their actual needs and deprivations, suspicious of interviewers, and antagonistic to anything that suggests charitable interference, fearful of compromising themselves, and sometimes intimidated by employers and superintendents. In spite of all this, between 17,000 and 18,000 women have been interviewed and visited, not only in the shops but at their homes, and the bulk of the work has been accomplished by the two women to whom it was relegated.

They have together visited Boston, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Newark, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Paul, and St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Atlanta, Savannah, Charleston, New York, Indianapolis, and Richmond, remaining from three weeks to five months in each city, according to the number of the working women and the difficulty in obtaining the desired information. They would go into a strange city alone, pick up such information as they could concerning the industries by consultation of the census and questioning the people they met, and then proceed to interview the employers, and if possible to gain admittance to the workrooms. This was frequently denied them, and the addresses of the women also refused. They would quietly visit another establishment, and, sooner or later, were sure to find some one who had worked in the factory or shop to which they had been refused admittance, and who could tell them its condition, as well as the addresses of some of its employes. Frequently, too, they found the employes and employers arrayed against each other in most hostile relations, and to gather the desired information from both sides required infinite tact and diplomacy. The days were thus devoted to collecting information, the evenings to making out the written reports of the same, and Sundays were spent in visiting the working people at their homes. Sometimes in interviewing a trade they would visit every house in a street, for operatives in the same branch of labor are inclined to group themselves in the same neighborhoods. Their interviews consisted in learning the nativity, age, conjugal relations, age at which work was begun, effect of work upon health, wages and hours' work previously done, if differing from that engaged in at the time, from every woman they visited. From 9 to 10 per cent of employes in a shop or factory were visited. When once the working women became satisfied that their inquiries came with kindly rather than charitable or reformatory motives, they talked freely and intelligently on the subject, and all the figures to be copied from their little pass-books, in which was the actual amount of wages they received after all fines and other expenses demanded by the employers had been subtracted. Employers frequently allowed their pay-rolls to be copied, and from the two accounts the correct average will be made.

Of all these remarkably bright and interesting young women, who is from the South, and requests that her name be withheld, says as a result of her two years' investigation:

"While I find many serious evils in the working woman's condition, I also find a brighter side than is popularly believed to exist. Women work under a great disadvantage from want of proper training. The most desirable portions of the work are assigned to them, and an infinite number of influences besides the rapacity of employers affect their wages. Immigration, while it tends to build up the country, reduces the rate of labor very materially. The unfortunate conditions under which women work and amid which they live are often owing to the meanness of landlords in refusing to make needed repairs or build sanitary tenement houses, but also find working women on a much higher plane than they were ten or fifteen years ago, and many of them attaining independence by their undaided labor. Where there were formerly but 25 occupations open to women, there are now about 400 in which money may be earned. I find that many of them go to work at 14, live well, dress well, and sometimes save. Families in which half a dozen or many daughters live very nicely off the aggregate income, very often, especially among foreigners, owning the houses in which they live. They invest their savings in a variety of ways in different places. In St. Paul they buy lots and speculate a little in real estate; in Indianapolis they invest in the Building and Loan association, and in Boston put their funds in the savings bank. As regards their moral condition it compares very favorably with that of women in other walks of life, and, considering their exposures and temptations, I should call it better. They are a heroic band, constantly exhibiting evidence of brave endurance, unparelleled devotion, and patient self-sacrifice, and the only difficulty with them is that they do not know their own value and cannot lay aside personal considerations for the sake of the welfare of the masses.

English as She Is Spoke.

The murderers have discovered some astonishingly vulnerable parts of the anatomy of late. From a paper this morning we learn that a Georgia colonel was "shot in the ticket office," the other day a man was fatally shot "through his door," and not long ago another received a fatal wound "in his window."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

He was shot in the suburbs.—*Chicago Daily News.*

He kissed her passionately upon her reappearance.—*Jefferson Souvenir.*

She whipped him upon his return.—*Hawkeye.*

He kissed her back.—*Constitution.*

Mr. Jones walked in upon her invitation.—*Electric Light.*

She seated herself upon his entering.—*Albia Democrat.*

We thought she sat down on her being asked.—*Saturday Gossip.*

She fainted upon his departure.—*Lynn Union.*

—What you need is a medicine which is pure, efficient, reliable. Such is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It possesses peculiar active powers.

Oil of Birch Costs Money.

Recently there were sent from Norwich to New York five two-gallon tin cans filled with oil of black birch, which was manufactured in Bozrah by John Miner. It is worth $80 a gallon, and the five cans contained 158 pounds of oil, valued at $800, or a little over $5 a pound.

Black birch trees do not yield oil as the maple trees run sap. There is work in getting the tender twigs, and labor in the process of extracting the oil. One ton of twigs yields just three pounds of oil, and it took nearly fifty-three tons of twigs to yield the ten gallons. This oil is used in giving the wintergreen flavor to confections of al kinds.—*New London Telegraph.*

RHEUMATIC Sciatic Pains

Rheumatic, Sciatic, Shooting, Sharp and Muscular Pains and Weakness, Back Ache, Hip ache and Chest Pains RELIEVED IN ONE MINUTE by the first CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25c; 5 for $1. At druggists, or of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

SLAVE TRADE IN EASTERN AFRICA.

Interesting Particulars of the Methods of Carrying It On.

The Paris *Temps* published the other day a letter from Arabia, giving some details in regard to the slave markets in Hodeida and other towns. It is said that the Turkish government closes its eyes to the traffic, and that consequently slavery flourishes with little or no obstruction. The few vessels scattered along the great distance from Zanzibar to Suakin are utterly inadequate for the purpose of suppressing the trade. To exercise an effective surveillance a large fleet of cruisers would be necessary, involving, of course, an immense expense.

The captains of the slavers are thoroughly skilled in the methods of concealing their merchandise. For example, when a war ship is approaching the slaves are thrown in the bottom of the hold and barrels and bales and all sorts of things are placed over them with little care for the danger of their suffocation. In this way many a slaver escapes as a vessel engaged in an honest business. In the Red Sea they employ other means of escape. They deal principally in children, and when there is danger of capture they put their captives in small boats and land them on some island, where they conceal them as best they can. One of the difficulties in the way of stopping this traffic is the contempt of the slaves themselves. In Harrey Bay from their own countries they see nothing but starvation before them, and the result is that many liberated slaves often resell themselves. Moreover, they have a dread of Europeans. The Arabs tell them that the whites eat the blacks.

The proper way to suppress the traffic would be to commence with the slave markets, which flourish under the protection, or at least the tolerance, of the Turkish government. Formerly the markets were carried on openly, now they are operated secretly, and that is the only difference. The slavers land their merchandise upon some deserted portion of the coast, and from there it is brought overland to Hodeida. Everybody is informed of the arrival. The governor is the first to get the news. The slaves are placed with agents, who sell them either in the town itself or in the interior. Of course, the prices vary according to the quality of the goods; but of late years the prices have been considerably raised on account of the fees which the merchants are obliged to pay to the Turkish officials. Nevertheless, a good servant can be purchased for about $60 or $80. The negroes from Zanzibar and the Soudan are generally employed as servants. The women from Djimona and Abyssinia are high priced. They are generally very pretty, with tolerably clear complexions, and features of the European type. They fill the harems of Arabia. A handsome Galla about 12 years old will sell easily for $120, $150, or even $200. In Hodeida, where there are two European consuls, this trade is carried on secretly, but in the interior it goes on openly. In Lobeya, a little town north of Hodeida, the slaves are sold at auction, and the lieutenant governor receives $2 for each slave that is sold. Moreover, he generally selects one or two for himself out of each new cargo. This functionary does not even know how to sign his name, and the cadi of the same town deals in Gallas and Soudanese as the most legitimate business in the world.

All that the Turkish government does against this traffic is to give a color of satisfaction to the European powers. Lately a Turkish war vessel seized two slavers with 160 negroes; but this is after all only a thin veil to cover the acts which are going on every day under the shelter of the Ottoman flag.

About one thousand slaves are annually sold at Hodeida, and the trade is carried on at other points on a much larger scale.

Income of the Cabinet Officers.

Now that the old Cabinet has gone on the busybodies of Washington are worrying themselves to find out just how the new Cabinet officers compare with the old. Before the terms of the old Cabinet expired all Washington knew just how much each was worth, what their annual expenses amounted to, how many servants they were able to keep, and other minute details regarding their financial condition. Now inquiry develops in the direction of the new men, and Washington will not be satisfied until they know as much of this Cabinet as of the other. Secretary Bayard, they knew, was badly pinched to maintain his position, but it is well known that Secretary Blaine is a wealthy man, more than able to bear the financial strain brought to bear upon a member of the Cabinet. He is one of the few really wealthy men in the new Cabinet. Postmaster-General Wanamaker has more money than Mr. Blaine, but he is the only one of President Harrison's advisers who is so situated. Several years ago Secretary Windom was considered a wealthy man, but of late years he has not been thought here to be in receipt of more than a comfortable income. Secretary Proctor's standing, financially, is assured by his control of the Vermont Marble company, of which he is practically the owner. Secretary Noble and Attorney-General Miller are in only fairly comfortable circumstances, and neither Tracy nor Rusk can be considered as wealthy men.—*Baltimore American.*

A Silver Wagon Road.

"You may talk about nickel-plated railroads," said Vice President L. T. Stanley, of Walnut street, "but what do you think of a solid silver wagon road? The Horseshoe Mine, Colorado, has one, although when it was built they didn't know it would pan out that way. They had to have a road from their mine, a distance of three miles, over which heavy loads were to be drawn. They took the rock that had been taken from the shafts they were sinking, and which lay around in the way, and macadamized their road all the way through. The wagons passing over the road ground the rock down. One day they had a heavy rainstorm, and when things got dry again after the rain the wind blew the dust off the road, and all through the road-bed, every which way, they could see big streaks of silver. Well, maybe they didn't collar on to the rest of that loose rock that lay around those shafts! They sent away a ton of it to be assayed, and when the report came back they found that their little road-bed was worth $200 a ton. It was a little expensive to drive over, but they had to have the road, and I suppose they've got it yet, if their mines have held out."

A Famous Battle Ground.

On the banks of the Tippecanoe, a small stream which enters the Wabash River in Indiana, was fought the terrific battle of Tippecanoe.

In this great struggle of frontier times, the allied western Indians under the chieftainship of Elskwatawa, the "Prophet," were defeated in November, 1811, by the Americans under the command of Gen. Wm. H. Harrison.

Naturally great praise was rendered to the success and intrepid bravery of Gen. Harrison, and he was honored in many ways.

The forty-second anniversary of the Battle of Tippecanoe found the gallant grand-son of "Old Tip" leading his forces to a great political victory which resulted in the selection of Gen. Ben. Harrison as President of the United States.

The Harrisons have been a hardy race of men, sprung from old log cabin stock, which is a sufficient guarantee of its genuineness wherever found. Realizing the truth of this, great effort has been made to re-discover some of the secrets contained in the old log cabin stock of useful articles, and as the result, the famous Old Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, universally regarded as the best Spring tonic and blood cleanser has been found. Not satisfied with the world-wide esteem which is held for Warner's Safe Cure, the only cure for kidney diseases, the proprietor is willing to do all that is possible to establish Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla as foremost among household articles on account of its purity and effectiveness.

Nellie Grant's Room.

What is known as the President's room in the White House, the second from the west on the north side, has been given to the McKee children and nurses. This is also known as Nellie Grant's room. The President has taken the "Prince of Wales's room," as it is called, which is situated next to the library or executive office. This is the room beyond the round portico to the west, with a small boudoir on the southwest corner. The room directly opposite the latter, which Mrs. Cleveland used as a boudoir, is given to Mr. and Mrs. McKee. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harrison will have the room directly opposite the President's office, on the north side, with a small room adjoining on the east, which is given to the baby and nurse. Mrs. Harrison's room is the one in which President Garfield lay during his illness.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE PRESIDENT'S COW.

A Story of William Henry Harrison and a Maryland Drover—The Latter Was Anxious to See "Granny," and the Chief Magistrate Pointed Himself Out.

A native and old resident of Washington tells the following anecdote, which was current and credited in Washington during the brief administration of President Harrison, who was called the "Cincinnatus of the West" by the Wigs and "Granny Harrison" by the Democrats. When he came to Washington to be inaugurated no one was surprised at the plain looks and the simple manners of the old hero, because the pictures of the log cabin in which he had lived were common during the campaign as illustrating his simple habits. No, nor were they incredulous of the story they soon heard of him.

It seems that there was no cow—or no satisfactory cow—at the White House, so the old ex-farmer made inquiries, and learned that Saturday was the day when the drovers came in from the country to the Marsh market to sell their cattle. Consequently, early on Saturday morning President Harrison, instead of sending a servant, arose and walked down to the market. There he found cows galore.

He soon made a trade with a burly Montgomery county drover, by which he became the possessor of a fine Durham.

"Where shall I drive it, sir?" inquired the drover, who did not recognize the President.

"To the White House. I will show you the way," replied President Harrison.

"Why, you don't mean to say, friend, that you've bought a cow for old Granny Harrison?" demanded the drover with dilated eyes.

"Yes," replied the old hero, without showing the resentment that a smaller man might have thought necessary.

The drover left his cattle in the care of his son, and turned the Durham out on the avenue, where he and the President walked side by side behind the cow, guiding her way. The President, on the inside, gently raised his stick, when sukey made an effort to promenade the sidewalk, and the drover flourished his whip, when she threatened to break into the middle of the street.

"I'm a Democrat, myself," the drover volunteered to inform his companion, "and voted for old Van, of course, but the other day at the inauguration—ha! ha! ha! I'll be doggone if I didn't fling up my hat and hurrah for Granny Harrison with the best on 'em! Couldn't help it, somehow."

"Thank you," said the President.

"Oh, you're a Whig! But I might a known that by your having a siteration in the White House, as I s'pose you have, hain't you?"

"Yes," said the President.

"What be you there now? Gardener?"

"No."

"Coachman then, or body servant?"

"Neither. I suppose I may call myself a general servant."

"Oh, yes! Run errands, wait on the table, answer the door knocker, and like o' that," remarked the drover, who had no idea of what the domestic establishment of the President of the United States was like.

"Something not very unlike that," said the President, with a tolerant smile.

They were soon much of Granny Harrison, now?" inquired the man as they neared the White House grounds.

"Considerable," replied the President.

"How do you like the old fellow?"

"That's hard to tell. Too well, most likely," thoughtfully replied the old hero.

"I'll go bail you do!"

"Well, here we are," said the President, opening the gate that led to the stable.

Several men servants came forward, touching their hats.

"Take charge of this cow and attend to her!" ordered the President.

Then, turning to the drover, he said: "Come, friend! Come into the house and tak some breakfast."

"Thanky! I don't care if I do! Say, could you get me a sight of old Granny Harrison?"

"Don't you see him at the inauguration?"

"Lor', yes! but not nigh enough to know what he looked like! I would like to get a squint at him, anyways!"

"Come in friend," said the old soldier, leading the way up the steps and through the south door into the mansion.

The drover turned around and looked out upon the extensive grounds, and then remarked:

"A better place than that ar log cabin out in Ohio."

"I don't know," replied the old soldier, leading the way along the hall.

Here they were met by a servant dressed like a clergyman, who bowed and opened a door to the left. The President ushered his guest into the family breakfast room, where breakfast was standing ready.

"Lor's a mighty! what a sight of silver and chiny!" exclaimed the drover gazing on the glittering service. Here were more servants, who, with deep bows, placed chairs to the table.

"Sit down, friend!" said the illustrious host, politely indicating a chair.

"Look a here! I say, now! Ain't you talkin' on a great liberty? Granny Harrison wouldn't like this here now, would he?" inquired the drover, puzzled and hesitating.

"I think he would, very much. Pray sit down."

"Now, just look here, now. Ain't you too fresh?" inquired the drover with his hands on the back of the chair, which for some reason or other he did not take. "Who be you, anyhow, as makes so bold and takes sich liberties in the President's house? You ain't told me your name nor likewise your siteration here as gives you so much freedom."

"The people call me William Henry Harrison and have made me President of the United States," quietly replied the ex-farmer.

"Lord Almighty!" cried the drover and he bolted from the house and never stopped running until he was off the grounds, and when he sat down on the curbstone "he cussed himself gray," as his wife said.—*Washington Star.*

MAKING PROGRESS.

The World Growing Better—Public Opinion—Restraining Vice.

The New York *Independent* has been discussing the question whether in that city the forces of good are gaining the victory over the forces of evil. It says:

Vice does not flaunt itself as it did. It is kept in restraint. The dens and dives are less openly vicious than they were. The purlieus of theatres are less vile. The brothel has closed its open doors. The Bowery boy is extinct and the gangs of ruffians are nearly broken up. The dangerous quarters of the city have been cleaned out, and there is nothing that remains which quite corresponds to the old Five Points. The elections are carried on with quietness and fair honesty, and a riot on election day is unknown. There is much less drunkenness, proportionately, than there was. The police are much better organized, and they patrol and control the city thoroughly.

With a considerable increase in population, the number of arrests in the city have absolutely decreased in the last fourteen years, and that notwithstanding that the number of arrests for selling liquor illegally have increased from 130 to 5,610. The number of arrests for juvenile delinquencies have decreased in this period 35 per cent, a most gratifying indication that efforts to elevate the character of our youth have not been in vain. Vice being less obtrusive, being driven into secret places, our children are less troubled by it.

But all this does not indicate that there are not still great masses of ignorance and vice that are hardly touched. The work of elevating the vicious classes is still enormous. If the Sunday school reaches most of our children it yet leaves many untouched.

Especially is it true that thousands and thousands of nurseries of vice exist everywhere, and children may pass dozens of saloons on their way home from school. The one great fight which Christians and philanthropists now have to keep up is that against the saloon. Close the saloon, and we would instantly abolish the larger part of the crime of the city. That would act as a purifying influence in a hundred ways. Let it be remembered that now the majority of the citizens of New York have to go to a saloon to cast their vote. Close the saloon and the chief corrupting influence in our politics would be gone.

Next, perhaps, to the closing of the saloon the attention of the friend of good morals should be turned to a reform in elections.

But, after all, religion is the fountain and source of moral improvement. It is by the labor of churches, missions and Sabbath schools that the public sentiment grows healthier, and our children are brought up under purer auspices.

After all, it is the churches that are going to abolish the saloon and to drive vice into secret corners and make it a disgrace to live an immoral life. To the churches belongs the credit for what has been done, and their growing success may well give them courage for the future. We have once and again presented abundant statistical evidence of the growing strength of the churches in the country and the increasing percentage of the communicants. The improving condition of the city of New York, notwithstanding the mass of foreign infidelity and vice poured upon us, agrees with and confirms our statistical conclusion. The church is stronger, morals are better, and the millenium is coming.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE OHIO BRIGADE.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—At the request of Comrade J. M. Anderson I will give a short description of the battle of Parker's Cross Roads, December 30, 1862. The Ohio brigade of Gen. Ross's division had been ordered to proceed to Jackson, Tenn., to aid in the defense of that point against the threatened attack by the rebel chieftain, Forrest. We arrived at Jackson the evening day and found the authorities there "more scared than hurt," as Forrest was not at any time nearer than ten miles of Jackson, and then without any intention of attacking the place. The Ohio brigade, after a fatiguing march of 39 miles after Forrest and back to Jackson, were bivouacked outside of the town. On the 28th the Ohio brigade, under Col. Fuller, left Jackson for Huntington, Col. Dunham's brigade having started the previous night for the same destination, at which place it was supposed we would meet Forrest. We arrived at Huntington on the 29th and remained till the 30th. We then learned that Forrest had taken the Lexington road. Gen. Sullivan, finding himself thus baffled, concluded to push on to Lexington. The brigade of Col. Dunham was given the advance, Col. Fuller being ordered to follow the next morning. At 5 o'clock we left Huntington. After a short march of about 12 miles the dull roar of artillery in front greeted our ears. We then stepped off more briskly and enthusiastically. Every moment the cannonading grew louder. Soon the rattle of musketry was distinguishable. It was evident that Dunham had met the enemy. Mile after mile was quickly traversed until the cannonading and musketry were not two miles distant. The men were pushing forward at almost a double-quick, all eager to have a hand in the fray. Orderlies were sent ahead to inform Col. Dunham that re-enforcements were at hand. Col. Fuller was evidently in command. The last that had been heard of the general, they were almost in the midst of the enemy. Accordingly, Col. Fuller pushed ahead. Soon one of Gen. Sullivan's orderlies rode up.

"Colonel, the general wishes you to halt here until he comes up," he ordered.

"I can not halt," Col. Fuller replied. "I will not halt if it costs my commission; I will save Col. Dunham!"

Accordingly, the brave Buckeye boys, under their gallant leader, continued to advance, inducing occasionally in a "double quick," so great was their impetuosity.

The firing then grew more furious. The orderly reported the enemy between us and Col. Dunham's brigade. At this moment the firing ceased. What does it mean? Dunham has undoubtedly surrendered. Oh that we could hear his guns, to assure us that such is not the case. But we listen in vain! At last we can hear the mingled shouts of victory. But one rider dirdes us from the Cross-roads. As we were ascending, up dashed Gen. Sullivan with his escorts. They hastened ahead—soon came back an order, "Forward with the artillery," and the 7th Wis., (temporarily attached to Col. Fuller's brigade), hasten ahead. The infantry catch the infection—a loud, wild huzza! rends the air—a shout which immortalized those same same Buckeys at Iuka. They do not wait for orders, but dash forward, and the double quick. Soon the top of the hill is reached and the lines of the enemy are discerned. The 27th O. V. I., under the youthful but brave Spaulding, deploys on the double-quick; the 63d O. V. I., under the leadership of the indomitable Sprague, followed; the 39th, under Noys, without regard to Hardee or orders, hastily form their line, and then this noble brigade, gallant Fuller at its head, with a wild, whooping yell, swooped down upon the amazed enemy.

The latter are dumbfounded, utterly bewildered—they cannot resist this whirlwind of steel that is advancing against them. They gaze upon us for a single moment, and then, abandoning their artillery, their all, hastily mount their horses and seek refuge in flight. But they did not escape so easily. The 27th perceiving their confusion, changed front to rear, and poured a murderous fire into the flank of the retreating column. The consequence is, their retreat is cut off in that direction. A part of them wheel round and pass in front of Col. Dunham's line and escape by a road on our right, where as not a man would have escaped had Col. Dunham's command operated with his rescuing force. We pushed around to the rear of Col. Dunham's line and sought to escape by a road on the left. The 27th were on the *qui vive* and poured another volley into them, and several saddles were emptied. In this squad were Forrest and his body-guard. Eight of the latter were either killed or wounded, and the battle ended.—JOHN H. KELSEY, Co. E, 27th O. V. I., Keystone, O.

BANKS, THE COLOR-BEARER.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I was much pleased when reading the "Johnny's" account of one of our officers rescuing his colors under a deadly fire. It was a noble act, and I have no doubt there are hundreds of similar deeds of daring that will never be recorded. Just before the charge on Missionary Ridge, the 26th O. and our regiment, the 15th Ind., were on reserve, lying on our arms; the other two regiments of our brigade were having a pretty hot time with the rebs at the foot of the ridge. They broke, and our regiment and the 26th were ordered forward. I shall always remember the storm of bullets that fell like hail as we crossed a dry creek bottom. I saw them peck up sand and stones all around us, and many a poor fellow there ended his earthly career. Previous to the charge Geo. Ban

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., and will not decipher them.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

The German Reichstag.

E. A., Baden Baden, Ill.: 1.—The legislative functions of the German Empire are vested in the federal council, or Bundesrath, and the Reichstag. The members of the Bundesrath are appointed by the government of the states composing the confederation. The Reichstag is elected by universal direct suffrage, by ballot, at the ratio of one deputy for every 100,000 inhabitants. The latest data we have gives 397 members, divided as follows: Prussia 237, Bavaria 48, Saxony 23, Wurtemburg 17, Baden 14, Alsace-Lorraine 14, Hesse 9, Mecklenburg-Schewerin 6, Oldenburg, Saxe-Weimar, Brunswick and Hamburg 3 each, Saxe-Meiningen, Anhalt, and Saxe-Coburg-Gotha 2 each, and 1 for each of the other states. The Bundesrath and Reichstag meet annually. The legislative period is for three years. The Reichstag can be dissolved by resolution of the Bundesrath, with the consent of the Emperor, but a new election must be held within 60 days, and the new Reichstag meet within 90 days. The Reichstag cannot be adjourned without its own consent for longer than 30 days, and not oftener than once during one session. It elects its president, vice-presidents and secretaries. Its members receive no pay, and are, during the sessions, privileged from arrest or prosecution in the courts, except in specified cases. Nor can they be called to account in any way for any utterance or vote in the Reichstag. The agreement of the two houses to a law makes it effective. 2.—Any editor will allow you to look at a newspaper directory, containing all the newspapers of Canada as well as the United States.

Old Coins.

J. N. B., Omega, Ind., writes: I have a copper coin in my possession dated 1787, with shield on one side and horse-head and plow on the other; about the size of a silver quarter; has four stars and "E Pluribus Unum" around the shield; has no arrow. Would like to know what it is." Can any one inform us?

H. G. D., Redwood, N. Y., writes: I have an old silver coin, with the following words on it: On one side is "Carolus III, Dei Gratia" and the date 1763. On the other side the following: "Hispan et Ind. Rex. M. S. R. F. M." Please say if what country it is; its original value; also if it is worth a premium. It is a silver coin, same size and weight as our dollar.

It is a Spanish piece, or eight reals—often spoken of as "a piece of eight"—and is the coin from which the value of one dollar is taken. The Latin inscription on the obverse is "Charles the Fourth, by the grace of God," the inscription on the reverse following to complete the sentence, "King of Spain and Indies." There is probably no premium on it for old Spanish coins are not only common, but the value of a coin to collectors is for its use in a complete series of coins of a country.

Soldiers for Each State.

B., Los Angeles, Cal.: The total number of Union troops furnished by each state and territory in the rebellion was as follows:

Maine	70,107
N Hampshire	33,937
Vermont	33,288
Massachusetts	146,730
Rhode Island	23,236
Connecticut	55,864
New York	448,850
Pennsylvania	337,936
New Jersey	79,316
Delaware	12,284
Maryland	46,638
West Virginia	32,068
Dist. of C'lum	16,554
Ohio	313,180
Indiana	196,363
Illinois	259,092
Michigan	87,364
Wisconsin	91,327
Minnesota	25,029
Iowa	76,242

Missouri	109,111
Kentucky	75,760
Kansas	20,149
Tennessee	31,092
Col. Territory	4,903
Dak. Territory	206
N. M. Ty	6,561
Alabama	2,576
Florida	1,290
Louisiana	5,224
Mississippi	545
Indian Ty	1,965
	3,530

Besides these troops there were 93,441 colored soldiers not classed by states.

Inclination of the Earth's Axis.

Enquirer, Lime Co., Mo., says: "I lately heard a preacher make the statement that the earth would not be habitable if it were not for the inclination of its axis, which brings our winter at the time when the earth is nearest to the sun; and this was cited as an illustration of the wisdom and beneficence of the Creator. But as the southern hemisphere has its winter when the northern has its summer, it would seem as if the distance of the earth from the sun has nothing to do with the amount of heat that our planet receives from it. Is not the preacher's illustration somewhat defective?"

It is utterly defective, and illustrates only his own ignorance of astronomy. The difference in distance of the earth from the sun at its nearest and farthest points is so small as to make appreciable difference in the heat received. The inclination of the earth's axis makes the change of seasons only. If its axis were perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, the climate of both temperate zones would be that of perpetual spring.

Earthquake Waves.

W. R. W., Walnut, Kan.: The great oceanic waves to which you refer are caused by earthquakes affecting the ocean bed. To put the matter as you question who asserted that they were unknown before the present generation is simply an ignorant ass. They have existed ever since the ocean existed, and in the earlier geologic ages were far more common and more destructive than now. We append a few instances of modern earthquake waves: On Nov. 1, 1755, a severe shock was felt at Lisbon, Portugal, which was felt over an area four times that of Europe. The sea rose in horror receded, and a great wave, 50 feet high, returned speedily, engulfing part of the city, and drowning 60,000 people. In 1819, in India, a tract of 2,000 square miles near the mouth of the Indus was submerged. On June 7, 1692, Port Royal, the capital of Jamaica, was overwhelmed by the sea. The city of Callao, Peru, was destroyed by a wave at least 90 feet high, in 1586.

The Blair Educational Bill.

J. H. L., Logan, Ala.: The Blair educational bill is dead, of course. Whether Senator Blair will reintroduce it in the next Congress remains to be seen. The consistency of the Southern Democratic argument age nst the bill is shown in this: They claim that their objection to negro suffrage is because the negroes are ignorant. The Blair bill proposed to remedy this by appropriating a large sum of money each year, to be distributed among the states in the ratio of illiteracy, for a number of years, to be expended in the work of primary education. The Southern Democrats violently oppose the bill, yet their platforms, especially for colored children, are of the poorest character, because of lack of money to expend for educational purposes. It merely shows that the opposition to negro suffrage is simply a stupid race prejudice, and is not because of their ignorance.

"Washington's Elegy."

J. N. C., Cedar Creek, Mich., thinks it would be proper for the committee in charge of the centennial celebration in New York to have a complete copy of the poem called "Washington's Elegy," written on the occasion of his death. One stanza runs as follows:

"How sad are the tidings that sound in my ears;
My heart burns with anguish, my eyes melt in tears.
The man whom all nations did love and adore
Is taken, and we shall behold him no more.
Oh the grief—amazing grief!
Where shall we look for relief?"

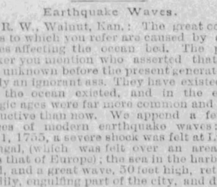
If any one has a complete copy, who thinks it might be made available at the coming New York celebration, he should send it to "Chairman Presidential Centennial committee, New York, N. Y."

Decoration Day.

V. E. S., Millbury, O.: 1.—The first formal attempt to secure the observance of Decoration Day on a large scale was made in 1868, when Gen. John A. Logan, as commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued an order directing members of that organization to decorate the graves of their comrades. The day has been made a legal holiday, in many states, by act of the legislatures. 2.—The list of Jeff. Davis's Cabinet was in the BUREAU of Feb. 21.

Cause of the Rebellion.

G. W. H., Deep River, Iowa asks: "Was slavery the direct cause of the war of secession?" It is certain that had there been no slavery, there would have been no war. Slavery must bear the blame as the cause. Slavery was the cause of the enunciation of the extreme doctrine of state rights, or "Calhounism," and out of this erroneous doctrine grew the monstrous theory of "secession"—that as the states voluntarily joined the Union, they might leave it at will. And the Southern states would not have attempted to put that doctrine into practice had it not been that the election of 1860 showed them that the scheme for the extension of slavery, began by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1804, had failed. We certainly



Our little girl, when but three weeks old, broke out with eczema. We tried the prescription from several good doctors, but without any special benefit. We tried S. S. S., and by the time one bottle was gone her head began to heal, and by the time she had taken six bottles she was completely cured. Now she has a full and heavy head of hair—a robust, healthy child. I feel it but my duty to make this statement.
H. T. SHOBE, Rich Hill, Mo.

☞ Send for our Books on Blood and Skin Diseases and Advice to Sufferers, mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

☞ Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. ☜

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

are justified in the belief that slavery was the direct cause of the war.

The "Vicar of Bray."

Marie, Kuttawa, Ky.: The allusion to the "Vicar of Bray" refers to the Rev. Symon Symonds, the vicar of Bray, in Berkshire, England, who, though otherwise a commonplace character, has been immortalized in history from the simple fact that he changed his religion four times between 1533 and 1559, in his unalterable determination to be in accord with the faith of the reigning sovereign. Fuller relates that when reproached with being a changeling and turncoat, he replied: "Not so, for I have always kept my principle which is this: To live and die the Vicar of Bray." In Symonds's day such conduct was thought so remarkable that it was sufficient to rescue his name from oblivion.

A Silly Idea.

A. B. Bushnell, Mo., writes: "I write you for information concerning an electric light that is being projected from some point in the Indian Territory. As I understand it, the government is experimenting by sending up a balloon, desiring to reach a point where the light can be seen from either ocean. Can you give any information regarding the above question?"

There is not a word of truth in the story. The man who started it is an able-bodied liar, evidently. No light could possibly be made strong enough to be seen 2,000 miles or more. Besides, what possible good could be accomplished by it? It could not have the slightest utility. You have been imposed upon.

Politics of the Union Soldiers.

W. M. M., Boulder, Colo.: There is no better way of telling the political position of the soldiers than the Presidential election of 1864. In that election certain states permitted the soldiers in the field to vote, with the following results:

Soldiers.	Lincoln.	McClellan
Maine	2,692	473
Rhode Island	657	248
Pennsylvania	26,712	12,349
Ohio	41,146	5,757
Kentucky	1,194	2,823
Iowa	17,310	1,921

Soap in Geysers.

C. S. M., Toledo, O., writes: "It is a well-known fact that geysers are, for the most part, mineral springs, depositing in their outflow, at long periods may intervene between the eruptions. In many geysers these eruptions may be be, and frequently are, produced prematurely by choking up their apertures with turf or by throwing large stones down the cavities. As to whether the chemical properties of soap have the power of exciting the geysers that they spout we cannot say. For a full treatise of American Geysers see United States Geological reports, 1872-'73."

The Fenian Raid.

Inquirer, Lacrosse, Wis.: On June 1, 1868, 1,200 or 1,500 Fenians under Colonel O'Neill crossed the Niagara river at Buffalo and took possession of an unoccupied work called Fort Erie. On the 2d they were attacked at a place called Limestone Ridge, and held their position, losing several killed and wounded and many prisoners. They withdrew the same night and returned to the United States.

When Easter Comes.

M. L. M., Chattanooga, Tenn.: Easter Sunday is the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens on or next after March 21, the date taken for the vernal equinox. If the full moon, as strictly speaking, the 14th day of the moon, falls on March 21, the next Sunday is Easter Sunday. The day of the full moon is calculated by an elaborate process, too intricate to be stated here.

Miscellaneous.

F. M. R., Blue Rapids, Kan.: We are sorry to say we never saw the poem.

G. W. M., Byron, Ill.: See answer headed "Chestnuts," in BUREAU of March 14.

F. W., Punxsutawney, Pa.: We do not know, nor would it be of any interest to our readers.

J. B. Gillingham, Wis.: There is no duty on either ten or coffee. It was removed in 1872.

G. A. G., Neligh, Neb.: We are not informed as to the location of technological schools in the West.

D. L. V., Sprangle, Wash.: We know nothing whatever about the so-called "Koreshan science."

A. D. F., Routt, Colo.: Address your query to the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C.

H. M. T., Wheeling, W. Va.: Your question concerning novel-reading is discussed on the editorial (4th) page of this issue.

J. W. F., Wellington, Kan.: We are sorry, but to answer, (even if we knew, which we do not), would be to give advertisements. See Rule 3 above.

Mrs. K., Marion, Kan.: We are not familiar enough with the present population of the Kansas cities to answer your questions concerning them.

J. H. A., Coal Creek, Tenn.: Kentucky is certainly a Southern state—historically, because settled from Virginia; geographically, because south of the Ohio river.

M., Toledo, O.: The area within the corporate limits of the City of New York is a little over 41 square miles, of which about 22 square miles are on Manhattan Island.

C., Horton, Kan.: The provisions of the bill for opening certain Oklahoma lands are given in the BLADE of March 21, on 8th page, 4th column, "Will Open Oklahoma."

C. P. R., Ford, Mo.: 1.—The Tariff Primer has never been published in book form. 2.—The American Protective League, New York City, publishes tariff literature.

Subscriber, Ashland, Wis.: There are certainly railroads in the United States in which Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, is interested. How did such an idea occur to you?

J. M. H., ——: There is no one entitled to the credit of inventing the violin. It was an outgrowth of the earlier stringed instruments, and assumed its present form about the beginning of the 16th century.

J. B. B., Ft. Wayne, Ind.: President Harrison is not wealthy in the sense in which the word is generally used in reference to public men. His property is probably worth not more than $500,000 or $75,000, personal loss.

W. J. S., Napa City, Cal.: It is impossible for us to give the vote in the manufacturing cities of the country last November, because in the tables their vote is included in that of the counties in which they are situated.

J. W. H., Georgesville, O.: We can not supply back numbers of the BLADE of a year ago. You should keep a scrap book and paste therein articles that specially interest you. We do not know in what number the article was printed.

C. A. L., Malta Bend, Mo.: We cannot give the information about the old violin which you wish. The value of such an instrument depends entirely upon the fancy of the collector. It is worth just what he is willing to pay for it.

W. C. W., Covelo, Cal.: The man who started on foot to the North Pole is Lord Lonsdale. The latest news from him is given in the Weekly BLADE of March 21, 8th page, 6th column. Read the BLADE carefully and you will keep posted.

J. K., Green Ridge, Mo.: The standard yield of flour by the old process (burr stones) was 40 lbs. of flour per bushel (60 lbs.) of good wheat. The roller process was begun and multiplied. The new process makes several pounds more, and as a rule of better quality.

Mrs. R., ——, Ind.: 1. Address inquiries on silk culture to Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. 2. Poplar is used for political poles simply because it is straight and light, and hence easier shaped and erected. There is no significance to the poplar.

J. R. W., Elm Springs, Ark.: 1.—Secretary Wanamaker's name is pronounced "*Wan-a-ma-ker*"—exactly as spelled, the *a* in the first syllable having the same sound as in *father*. 2.—The dividing line between North and South Dakota is the parallel of 46 degrees, north latitude.

L. Z. E., Galesburg, Kan.: 1.—"Oklahoma" is pronounced "Ock-la-ho-ma," the *a* in the 2d and 4th syllables having the same sound as in *father*, and accented on the 3d. 2.—"Sauna" is pronounced "Sa-*mo*-a," the *a* in the 1st and 3d syllables sounded as in *far*, accent on the 2d.

E. A., Emporia, Kan.: The shortest route to obtain news from Samoa by steamer is to Auckland, New Zealand. Thence a cable is laid to India, and thence to Europe, reaching here through the Atlantic cable. We shall, at some time in the near future, publish an article on ocean cables in the BLADE.

C. S. M., Newark, O., has our thanks for the following: In reply to inquiry from Warder, Idaho, you translate "Fends d' Oreilles" as "lop-eared." It means" ear-drops," or "earrings;" while "lop-eared is expressed in French by "aux oreilles pendantes." Also by "orellard," when referring to a horse, etc.

Mrs. C., Minneapolis, Minn.: Your question pertains to the HOUSEHOLD rather than this department, but we will answer it: You can keep stockings from shrinking if you will dry them on a stretcher. Have the carpenter cut out of thin board a shape the size of the stockings when new. You can dry two stockings on the same stretcher at one time by drawing one on over the other. When dried in this way there is no danger of shrinking nor need for ironing. The stockings feel soft and pleasant on the feet, just like new ones.

H. S. B., Monticello, Iowa: 1.—The battle of Lexington was fought on April 19, 1775, and was the first battle of the Revolution. 2.—We have not a list of dates of Easter at hand. 3.—On October 15, 1874, the body of Abraham Lincoln was removed to the Lincoln monument at Springfield, Ill., where it now lies.

M. G., Toledo, O.: Washington's original Cabinet consisted of: Thomas Jefferson, secretary of State; Alexander Hamilton, Treasury; Henry Knox, War; Samuel Osgood, Postmaster General; Edmund Randolph, Attorney General. The Navy department was not made a Cabinet position till 1798, nor the Interior till 1849.

Mrs. W. W. C., Middleboro, Mass.: The oil of walnuts is obtained from the kernels. The nuts are cracked, the kernels extracted, and then bruised in a mortar until made into a coarse flour. They are then sewed in a stout bag, which is exposed to steam heat for an hour or more; this is then put under a powerful press and the oil pressed out.

D. B., East Trumbull, O.: We think the "Christian Union" sect originated in Ohio during the war. A Methodist minister was deposed from the ministry by his conference for Southern sympathies, and drew off some rural congregations. If you are wrong, will some one correct us? We can give no information as to their creed, numbers, or locality.

W. P. R., La Belle, Wyo.: 1.—Pullman cars are owned by the Pullman company, and not by the railroads over which they run. 2.—Any person properly introduced to the committee could buy a ticket to the inaugural ball at Washington. 3.—We have no means of knowing how many colored citizens of Baltimore are worth over $1,000,000 each.

D. N. S., Chilhowee, Mo.: 1.—The specific gravity of bottle glass, 2.733; crown glass, 2.520; green glass, 2.642; plate glass, 2.760, etc. 2.—Glass can, when melted, be cast into cubes or blocks of any size, but at great loss to its transparency. 3.—A glass manufacturer here says that such a work would cost some 5 or 6 cents per pound, cast in solid blocks.

J. G. M., Greenfield, Pa.: 1.—Oklahoma is not opened for settlement. 2.—The Oklahoma bill failed to pass Congress; but certain lands are to be opened, by proclamation of the President, the whole matter was carefully explained in the Weekly BLADE of March 14, on 5th page, 5th column. Also, of March 21, on 8th page, 4th column, near bottom, headed, "Will Open Oklahoma."

E. J. O., Custer, O.: A safety deposit company has a large vault, fire and burglar-proof, with a large number of small compartments, each locking like a safe. The depositor rents one of these by the year, and no one but he can open it. They are intended for the safe-keeping of valuable papers, bonds, deeds, etc., and other articles of value. No addresses given. See Rules 2 and 3 above.

Alliance member, Lyons, Kan.: There is no reason for the exorbitant price the twine trust is proposing to charge the farmers for binding twine. A co-operative twine factory would smash the trust, or the use of twine made of some other material. The trust is necessarily to be short-lived. It has cornered the market for this year, but it can't do it for a longer time, as other men will prepare to furnish twine. Competition is the death of trusts.

Patron, Fillmore, Ind.: 1.—A disabled Union veteran has a right to draw a pension while an inmate of a national soldiers' home. 2.—A soldier's widow, on remarrying, forfeits her pension. 3. We do not think there is any specific penalty attached, but if she concealed the fact, and continued to draw the pension under her former name, she would be liable to prosecution for fraud; and it is absolutely sure she would sooner or later be detected.

T. L. R., ——, Ark.: "Fatalism" is a conception pervading many religious beliefs. It is, in general terms, a belief in an inexorable fate or destiny controlling human actions, against which it is vain to struggle. If a man is fated to remain poor, it is useless for him to make the slightest effort to alter his condition, for his destiny was decreed from eternity. Calvinism is the general doctrine that spiritual perfection consists in the perfect repose of all the faculties of the soul in God, and indifference to all the actions of the body. Probably your reference to "quietism" in India and China refers to the Buddhist belief that the soul of man, after various transmigrations, at last reaches the state of *nirvana*, in which it is absorbed into the Deity as a rain-drop is absorbed in the bosom of the ocean.

Poor People's Chances.

Some years ago a city missionary was crossing one of the parks in New York on the Sabbath day, and said to a lad, "What are you doing here, breaking the Lord's day? You ought to be at church and worshipping God instead of breaking the Sabbath in this way." The poor lad in his rags looked up and said: "Oh, sir, it's very easy for you to talk that way, but God knows that we poor chaps ain't got no chance."

The sentiment seems to be growing that in the United States the time has atrived when "the poor chaps don't have no chance."

There is some truth in it. The poor are not shut out from making a livelihood, but the gulf between riches and poverty continually grows more difficult to cross. As the country becomes densely populated, keen business competition decreases the chances for accumulating wealth by ordinary business methods.

But the same conditions vastly improve the chances for great success to those who can strike out in new paths, can furnish something to the world that others cannot.

True merit, in commodity or ability, will win easily if the masses can be induced to recognize it.

What a marvelous success has attended the thorough introduction to the world of the merits of this wonderful remedy for kidney disease—Warner's Safe Cure. Hon. H. H. Warner first came to know of its curative power by being restored to health from what the doctors pronounced a fatal kidney trouble. He concluded the world ought to know of it, and in the ten years since he began its manufacture he has spent millions of dollars in advertising the Safe Cure.

But mark! he never would have secured a four-fold return of the vast sums thus expended if the real merit of the remedy had not been fully proven to the millions of people reached by his advertisements.

Ten years of increasing success of Warner's Safe Cure is due, first, to intelligent and pleasing advertising, by which the people were made acquainted with the remedy. Second to the true worth of the remedy, proved by actual experience, showing it to be *the only specific* for kidney disease, and all diseases growing out of kidney derangements.

The Beer Crop in Different Towns.

Newark Daily Advertiser.

Cities.	1887, Barrels.	1888, Barrels.
Albany	377,442	378,252
Baltimore	469,611	457,773
Boston	867,294	872,862
Brooklyn	1,324,419	1,328,643
Buffalo	425,884	447,670
Chicago	1,228,343	1,331,631
Cincinnati	1,077,750	1,067,458
Cleveland	306,587	233,311
Detroit	249,650	256,163
Milwaukee	1,227,811	1,329,488
Newark	892,900	911,337
New York	4,215,518	4,239,207
Philadelphia	1,410,321	1,318,223
Pittsburg	281,441	287,611
Rochester	318,219	375,489
San Francisco	398,169	459,558
St. Louis	1,378,133	1,469,057

A Popular Courtesy Ignored.

"There are very few smokers who will hesitate to ask an utter stranger for a match, and men who might pass each other on the street every day for weeks without even a nod of recognition will exchange 'lights' in a smoking car without the slightest restraint." So spoke a young man to a group of friends the other day.

"But," he continued, "I met a man yesterday on the cars who was an exception to the rule. I was passing through the smoker with a cigar all ready to light, and felt in my pocket for a match. He gave me a cold stare, and paid no attention to my request.

"Was he deaf?" asked one of the crowd.

"No, he was handcuffed, and I felt like a thief when I discovered it, too," was the sad reply.—*Elmira Gazette.*

Philadelphia Patience.

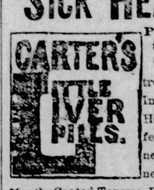
New Yorker—Well, I'm amazed. I've just heard that the Philadelphia street car companies charged six and seven cents a ride for years and the people never kicked.

Philadelphian—No. You see, in Philadelphia the girls are so pretty that it is well worth seven cents to sit where you can look at 'em without seeming rude.—*Philadelphia Record.*

She Meant Business.

An 8-year-old boy whose superabundant animal spirits require an occasional check, was looking at some proofs of photographs of his mother which had just been sent home. There were two views, and the youngster was decided in his preference for one over the other. "Why do you prefer that?" asked his mother. "Because," said he, "in the other one you look as if you meant it."—*Boston Transcript.*

SICK HEADACHE



Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels, and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

Almost as Palatable as Milk

So disguised that it can be taken, digested, and assimilated by the most sensitive stomach, when the plain oil cannot be tolerated; and by the combination of the oil with the hypophosphites is much more efficacious.

Remarkable as a flesh producer. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by Physicians to be the Finest and Best preparation in the world for the relief and cure of

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES, EMACIATION, COLDS and CHRONIC COUGHS.

The great remedy for Consumption, and Wasting in Children. Sold by all Druggists.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

It is said that 30,000 people go to bed drunk in Glasgow every Saturday night.

Bands of Mercy are being formed in connection with the Loyal Temperance legions of Ohio.

A Kentucky W. C. T. U. woman recently said she had six unanswerable arguments in favor of prohibition—her six sons.

In one court of London 27 out of 28 cases of attempted suicide within a short time were traced directly to drink, and the 28th was doubtful.

Mr. Partello, the wonderful American marksmen, who lately made 224 points out of 225 at long range, has always been a total abstainer, and has now given up tobacco.—*Dr. B. J. Richardson.*

It the hopes of the most sanguine advocates of high-license should be realized the condition of the liquor trade in the state and the evils arising from it would not be greatly changed.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

During the forty days' campaign in New Hampshire, Mrs. N. H. Knox, president of the State W. C. T. U., traveled three thousand miles, giving stirring addresses nearly every day.

How to control and finally destroy this evil is the great problem of the hour. Its solution is next on the world's calendar of progress. The saloon has boldly entered politics, and it has come to stay until vanquished or victorious.—*Hon. William Windom, Secretary of the Treasury, July 4, 1887.*

Dr. Daniel Dorchester is responsible for the statement that a distillery firm within three miles of the Massachusetts state house has a contract to furnish 3,000 gallons of rum daily to the African trade for the next seven years.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for March gives the following: "M. Marambel reports that 3,000 convicts in France examined with respect to their habits of drunkenness or temperance 79 per cent of vagabonds, from 40 to 57 per cent of assassins and incendiaries, 53 per cent of offenders against morals, 71 per cent of thieves and sharpers and 77 per cent of offenders against property were drunkards. Drunkards are nearly as numerous among youths under 20 as among adults."

My house is mine. May I not do what I will with mine own? No. I am prohibited by law from setting it on fire to the endangering of my neighbor's property and the lives of himself and family. The saloon depreciates real values in its vicinity and kindles a fire that burns to the extinction of brightest hopes, happiest affections and noblest endeavor in all directions; a fire that burns only too often to the under hell. Shall there be no prohibition here?—*Rev. Dr. W. T. Thompson in address before W. C. T. U. State Convention, Charleston, S. C.*

The President's Lonesomeness.

In conversation with a lady the other day, who had expressed her wishes for his success and her hope that he would have a second term, Gen. Harrison is reported as saying that he was not sure that he wanted to be re-elected, and on the same day, in talking with an old friend about his departure for Washington, he made the following significant remark: "I am beginning to realize that it is a lonesome thing to be President." It is clear enough what he means to imply. His elevation to the Presidency is tantamount to human isolation. He is cut off from the unrestrained and honest intercourse with his fellows. He can have little or no confidence in an office-seeker. He must keep people at a distance. He must keep silent or guard his words so that they shall not be misconstrued. Knowing that every man who approaches him has some selfish object in view for himself or for some one else, he naturally distrusts him.

This is one of the penalties of his pinnacle high office. From now on he is doomed to be the center of a grand scramble for office. For every one whom he pleases he must displease a score.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Muslins in Style Again.

There will be a great rage for embroidered and printed muslins, white and colored, on delicate grounds, during the coming season, according to Jennie June, because they make up so well in straight skirts. The newest styles revive the borders in graceful patterns round the bottom of the skirt; borders between which and the small designs upon the upper part of the skirt there is no abrupt transition, but a gradual lessening until the lines are lost in the soft blending of shades or figures in the fold. The gathered fullness will undoubtedly be more fashionable than ever; but the surplice waist, which had it all its own way last year, will divide the honors with the fluted folds of the Grecian bodice this season, and the full sleeves be partly superseded by the flowing and loose, open sleeve of 30 years ago. There is talk of reviving the "spencer" of 50 years ago and indeed the smocked and gathered bodices are a close approach to it. A spencer of black silk with a ruffle of lace over a white or light muslin skirt, accompanied by large, black, chip hat and plumes, would look well upon a moderately tall and slender young American girl; and it is to be hoped some of them will try it.

HAVE YOU GOT PILES

Itching Piles are known by moisture like perspiration, causing intense itching when warm. This form as well as Blind, Bleeding and Protruding, yield at once to DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on the parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching and effects a permanent cure. 50c. Druggists or mail; treatise free. Dr. Bosanko, Piqua, O.

PATENTS.

PATENTS Obtained. H. W. T. Jenner, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C. Charges moderate. Circulars free.

PATENTS.

F. A. LEHMAN, Solicitor of PATENTS, Washington, D. C. No charge unless patent is secured. Send for circular.

PENSIONS---PATENTS.

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"New broom sweeps clean"—Especially if the broom is the right kind. Write T. W. TALLMADGE, Attorney, Washington, D. C., who has 27 years' experience in the business of prosecuting Claims.

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A Story About a Veto.

Now they are saying and denying that Mrs. Grover Cleveland has composed a lot of what she modestly terms "rhymes." It is a positive fact that she read them to a few friends, who praised them to the brow of Miss Liberty, and under this encouragement they were tried on Mr. Cleveland. Nobody knows what the criticism was, but it made the author weep. Mrs. Cleveland told the impatient ladies that Mrs. Cleveland would not do any more writing till she went to New York, and that is how the announcement came to be made that she was going to write.—*Philadelphia Press.*

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THE PROHIBITION BATTLE IN MASSACHUSETTS AND PENNSYLVANIA.

The steady increase of temperance sentiment among the people, and that, too, in the best classes, is gradually forcing even the most bitter enemies of Prohibition to recognize that this increasing public sentiment must result in the legislation it demands. Even the Rum Power itself has long ago abandoned the battle against restrictive measures. Taxation and license are yielded to without an open protest, in the hope that they will satisfy this ever-increasing demand for temperance laws, and postpone the extinction of the traffic which yields them such profitable returns. Of course they battle fiercely against Prohibition, but the very bitterness with which they assail it shows the deadly fear they entertain of its ultimate success.

The battle in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts over the question of the adoption of the Prohibitory amendments to the state constitutions is largely a struggle between high license and Prohibition. The temperance forces are divided. A portion see clearly that Prohibition is the only final solution of the question, while others, who fear that, were the amendment adopted, it would fail of enforcement in many localities, cling to the idea that high license is safer and better.

In this they are mistaken. There is no compromise measure that can be a permanent settlement of the question. The business of making and selling Rum is either a necessary, right and proper one, or else it is an evil to the state. If it is right and proper, it should not be interfered with. If it is an evil to the state and the people, it should be abolished. We believe the vast majority of the people of both states believe it to be an unmixed evil. Why not, then, abolish it, crush it out by Prohibition?

The swift reply comes, "Because Prohibition does not prohibit." Doesn't it? Prove it! "Oh, Rum is still sold in states which have Prohibition—Iowa and Kansas, for example." Ah, friends, that is an invention of the enemy. The forlorn hope of the Rum Power is in that falsehood. It is being industriously circulated in a thousand forms, in order to win the votes of hesitating citizens against the amendments. If the people can be brought to believe that the law is a dead letter in those states, Prohibition will be defeated and the Rum Power have a longer lease of life. Let us examine the case candidly.

It is the testimony of all that while Rum is secretly sold in certain localities in the states of Iowa and Kansas, yet the rural sections are largely freed from the curse; that *the open saloon* is banished; the traffic, even where it exists, is driven into holes and corners, and followed only by men of the baser sort, who are perfectly willing to make criminals of themselves for what money they may be able to make in selling Rum to those whose systems are so accustomed to it that they cannot exist without it. But the temptation is not daily and hourly before the rising generation; the young men, the hope of the nation, are largely removed from the danger of falling into the drink habit.

Now we ask, is not this all that can be asked of any prohibitory law? Let us take an example. There are laws against theft; yet our workhouses and jails and penitentiaries are full of men convicted of theft, and Canada has a large percentage of embezzlers—men who stole funds trusted to their care, and who fled with their booty across the line, as there is no provision of the extradition treaty which can compel their arrest and return. Why not say that the laws against theft, and pocket-picking, and burglary and larceny are failures—that the laws against theft do not prohibit? And on that score demand the repeal of all such laws on the statute books?

To take another instance: There are laws against the social evil. It is an offense, punishable by fine and imprisonment, to keep a house of ill-fame. Yet do not such houses exist? So long as sin exists in fallen humanity, the illicit commerce between the sexes will continue. But shall we then declare that the laws against it are a dead letter, and that they shall, therefore, be repealed? Shall the "scarlet women" be allowed perfect freedom to ply their shameful calling without let or hindrance, because they do not obey the laws that exist at present? Shall the houses of sin be allowed to open their doors on every street, and their inmates solicit custom in broad daylight? If there were no laws against this offense, and houses of ill-fame were as common and as open as saloons are to-day, would any one have the hardihood to declare that such traffic was necessary, and that no prohibitory law should be passed because it could not be enforced?

Why, then, shall we expect and demand of the laws against the Rum traffic an absolute perfection that cannot be obtained for laws of whose propriety and necessity there is not the smallest doubt in the mind of any one? That the repeal of all laws against stealing in any form would lead to wholesale raid on all portable property, can not be doubted. That the repeal of all laws against the social evil would lead to an absolute carnival of bestiality, the wholesale ruin of women and debauching of young men, is equally certain. That the Rum traffic is an unmixed evil cannot be doubted. That it is the ruin of thousands yearly, and that thousands more of innocent women and children suffer poverty and sorrow as the consequences of the ruin of husbands and fathers, is equally certain. Why shall we not, then, put this abominable traffic under the ban of the law, and make those who pursue it for selfish gain as much criminals as are thieves or keepers of immoral resorts, in order to avoid the wholesale temptation which the saloon offers to the young especially, and to the morally weak of all ages?

There can no reasonable nor acceptable answer be made to this question. The Rum traffic answers no useful purpose, supplies no need of respectable society. Its every tendency is *downward*. Rum is the fruitful parent of vice, of pauperism, of insanity. It is the right hand of crime and sin. Under its influence man become irrational, and hence evil. It nerves the murderer's arm, incites the violent to deeds of outrage and crime. Under its influence women are robbed of their honor, men are led to shame and ruin.

The extermination of the Rum traffic leads to sobriety, to the repression of vice and crime, saves the millions annually squandered in strong drink, aids in the abolition of poverty and its train of evils, and in every way benefits the community and the individuals composing it. There is not one valid argument that can be brought for allowing it to continue. The great thing to do is to put it under the ban of the law; to make those who engage in it legally criminals; to close up the saloons, those open avenues of temptation through whose portals thousands every year go down to ruin. There is but one way to do this. It is not by taxation, not by license; but, by Prohibition, to crush out the Rum traffic and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

HON. STANLEY MATTHEWS.

Death has closed the earthly career of another of Ohio's distinguished sons. Full of years and of honors, Hon. STANLEY MATTHEWS, Associate Justice of the Supreme court of the United States, departed this life at his residence in Washington City on the 22d, aged 65.

His career has been one of which his native state may well be proud. Educated at famed Kenyon College, where he graduated at the early age of 16, he adopted the legal profession, and, after a short sojourn in the South, settled permanently in Cincinnati, his birthplace, where he soon took high rank at the bar. He was an earnest opponent of slavery even at that early day in the great struggle for human freedom, and his powerful pen, while acting as editor of the anti-slavery Cincinnati *Herald*, brought that paper into great prominence. But he soon abandoned the editorial desk to return to legal practice.

When the war of the Rebellion broke out, Mr. MATTHEWS at once went into the Union army, first as Lieutenant Colonel of the famous 23d Ohio, of which ex-President HAYES was Colonel. He was promoted to the colonelcy of the 51st Ohio, which position he held until the summer of 1863, when he resigned. He held several important judicial and other offices, and succeeded Mr. SHERMAN in the United States Senate when the latter entered President HAYES's Cabinet in 1877, serving until the end of that term. He was appointed the successor of Hon. NOAH H. SWAYNE when the latter retired from the United States Supreme bench, and held that position until his death.

Justice MATTHEWS's intellectual talents were of the highest order, and his comprehensive mental grasp, strength of will and strong personality were the factors which enabled him to achieve success in the varied fields of action in which he figured at various times. Lawyer, editor, judge, soldier and statesman was he, and notable in each and all of them. His life was pure in all respects, and he was animated by a sincere religious spirit, being all his life a consistent member of the Presbyterian church. He was a man whose life and career was an honor to his native state and to the nation.

THE AUSTRALIAN SYSTEM.

The one feature of what is known as the "Australian" ballot which seems to excite the most opposition is that which requires the state to prepare the tickets, and to keep them in its sole possession. The objection to this is because by it bribery and fraud are impracticable. No possible plan to prevent the purchase of votes can be effectual unless the exclusive custody of the ballots is secured to the election officers. The man who sells his vote is generally too ignorant to make up his ticket, and he looks to the briber to make it up for him. That duty cannot well be performed by the latter unless he has access to the ballots. The whole reform hinges on this provision of the law. There would be no object in printing official ballots is they were to pass out of the hands of the officers prior to the application of the voter at the polls. He must not only deposit his ticket unobserved by any outsider, but he must be prevented from depositing one delivered to him by somebody other than the official authorized to furnish them. Without this precaution the mere fact of withdrawing to a private apartment to vote would not necessarily interfere with the consummation of a corrupt bargain, previously entered into, to vote a certain ticket which had been delivered to him.

PREMIUMS WITH THE BLADE.

For two subscribers to the Weekly BLADE and $2 we will give as a premium a choice of either portrait announced in the BLADE portrait gallery. For three subscribers and $3 we will mail, post paid, either of the paper-covered books named in our book advertisement in another column. For five subscribers and $5 we offer a choice of "Health and Beauty" or "Social Etiquette." For six subscribers and $6 we will give a copy of "Andersonville," or "Nasby in Exile," or "Hannah Jane," or "Old Doctor Carlin's Recipes." For fifteen subscribers and $15 we will give a Mascot Watch. For eighteen subscribers and $18 we offer a Blade Wringer. For 75 subscribers and $75 we will give a Blade Sewing Machine. Except in the case of the Sewing Machine offer, we require the whole club in one remittance. Here is an opportunity to earn something for almost any sized club. Besides this, we pay the most liberal cash commissions, to these who prefer to work for cash, of any weekly paper in the field. Write us for *confidential* terms to agents. We want agents everywhere. Now is the time to raise clubs.

A DECISION of considerable importance has been lately rendered by a court in Broome county, N. Y., which, if sustained in the higher courts, will aid powerfully in checking the reckless sale of liquor. A saloon keeper sold liquor to a man already intoxicated, and in his drunken craze he shot and killed three men. The widow of one of them sued the saloon keeper for $5,000 damages for the loss of her husband. The jury found for the plaintiff, giving her about a quarter of the damages asked. Other suits will follow this one. The saloon keeper endeavored to prove that he was not responsible for the drunken man's intoxication, and that he had bought liquor elsewhere. But the court held that one glass was enough to establish responsibility for the condition of the drunken man.

THE visit of the Chicago and All America base ball teams to England on their trip round the world may have the unexpected result of introducing a very important change in the game. The criticism made on base ball as a scientific game by English cricketers and sportsmen is thus given by Mr. SMALLEY:

> They have played to large numbers of people (6,000 at Lord's) including a large number of cricketers, amateurs and professionals, who agree that the batting is the weak point of base ball. The ball is not so shaped as to make scientific placing of the ball practicable, and even if it were, the batsman would get no sure advantage from his skill. "We could soon put a team in the field that would make a fair show against your base ball champions," said one distinguished cricketer, "but your men would not have a chance against us at cricket after years of practice. Science is on our side."

A BILL has been passed by the New York Senate requiring a license and official record to make a marriage ceremony legal. It has yet to pass the House. New York and Wisconsin are the only states, we believe, which do not now require licenses; and it is to be hoped the bill above mentioned will become law in New York, and that Wisconsin will soon follow suit.

THE Australian ballot system will be tried first in the United States at the election to be held in Montana in October next. Massachusetts will follow in November. These two are the only states that will try it this year. Indiana has adopted a similar law, but she has no state election this fall.

JAPAN is rapidly becoming Americanized in ideas. Base ball has been adopted as the national game.

AN UNITED STATES SENATOR'S PLEA FOR SPOILS.

The following is published in a newspaper interview, purporting to come from a distinguished Western Senator:

> I believe in a thoroughly partisan service from top to bottom. That's what we are here for, and that's what parties exist for. It is not a question of spoils—it is a question of having the administration Republican when a Republican ticket has been elected by the people. I would begin by abolishing right away that committee of schoolmasters, the Civil Service commission, because there is no sense in it. I would observe the principle of home rule in so far as regards postoffices and other federal offices which are local. The offices should be graded from the lowest to the highest. I would have the offices distributed through the Congressional delegations, but I would have no fighting, nor striving, nor grabbing about it.
>
> There could hardly be more error compacted in the same number of lines than is embraced in the above. The statement that parties exist for the offices is a view that we hope is shared by but few American citizens. Parties exist for the purpose of maintaining certain principles and policies in the conduct of the government. Differences of opinion on these points array men in different parties. To illustrate: In the campaign of last year, the Republican party appealed to the American people in favor of a retention of the protective features of the tariff. The Democratic party appealed to them in favor of a free trade policy. (We mention only the main issue, because all others were subordinated to this radical difference of opinion, and the election was decided by it.) On the issue thus made up, the people elected President HARRISON and a majority of the House of Representatives.
>
> Now, there is no effort made by the friends of civil service reform to have the chief appointive official positions, those whose incumbents are clothed with authority which influences governmental policy, placed beyond the mutations of a party change in the administration. To do so would be to defeat the will of the people. For instance, the proposition to place the Cabinet beyond the power of change would be absurd. Similarly, the foreign diplomatic service must necessarily be filled with men whose views on our foreign policy are in accord with those of the administration. But there is a wide difference between the class of officers whose powers affect governmental policy, and that much more numerous class whose duties are simply clerical. Civil service reform does not contemplate interference with the present methods in regard to the former class. It deals only with the very numerous second class named.
>
> What possible influence on governmental policy can a clerk in one of the departments exert? His duties have no more to do with politics than have those of a clerk in a wholesale grocery. The only qualifications he needs are capacity, integrity, and industry. To fill these places with men, simply because they worked for the victorious party, is to assume that their work was done for selfish reasons, not from an honest belief in the policy of protection as being the best for the nation.
>
> Another point in the above remarkable utterance is the fling at the Civil Service commission as a "committee of schoolmasters." We have yet to learn that the schoolmaster's vocation is not honorable and useful, and that education in a man intrusted with responsibility is not desirable. Such an appeal to the ignorant might not be surprising, did it come from a Bourbon; but from a member of the Republican party, and a man honored with a high office, it is simply shameful. The people, we are persuaded, desire the public business in the hands of competent men; and the purpose of the civil service examination is to test the competency of aspirants. The Senator might as well oppose the examination of teachers in the public schools on the ground that it excludes many from teachers' positions.
>
> The last sentence in the above is also a most extraordinary statement. He would have federal offices in each state distributed through the Senators and Representatives from that state. He forgets the real purpose for which these gentlemen are elected. He should refresh himself as to the official duties of Congressmen in both branches by a careful reading of the constitution of the United States. They are chosen to consider necessary measures of legislation, not to fill the offices. The great evil of the spoils system is in the burden of office-seeking put upon our members of Congress. It leads to improper scheming in order to elect or defeat a party candidate.
>
> Ohio afforded a striking example of this at the November election. In a certain district in this state, the Republican candidate could not be manipulated by certain spoilsmen. They carefully looked over the situation, and deemed their chances of controlling appointments in behalf of their clique would be better in case of HARRISON'S election, were there to be a Democratic Representative from that district instead of a Republican—because they believed themselves to be in better favor with Ohio's Republican senator than with the Republican candidate; and they knew, if a Democrat were chosen instead of the latter, that the senator's voice would be potent in the distribution of the offices. A combination was formed to defeat the Republican candidate, and it succeeded.
>
> The only safe rule is to cut off all possibility of Congressional influence by divorcing the offices (outside of the small class first enumerated) entirely from politics. Parties must be divided upon legitimate differences as to governmental policy, and not be turned into mere machines to obtain office for party workers. The fundamental error in the spoils system is in making appointive positions the reward of party service, and often service of the most offensive character.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

Every since ROMEO took chances of breaking his neck and catching the influenza, when he climbed a moth-eaten rope ladder to comfort the lovely JULIET, young men and women have loved and been loved with a charming disregard of what their parents thought of it. RALPH RAKESTRAW loved to lift his eyes in admiration of his captain's daughter, and romance is full—more full than history—of cases where true love has laughed at obstacles, and a youth and maiden have cared more for conjugality than conventionality. It is therefore with mixed emotions of pleasure and surprise that THE BLADE to-day chronicles the fact that a daughter of Chief Justice FULLER has disobeyed the parental commands, and, casting purdence to the four winds, has eloped with the youth of her choice. She is a most charming girl; he is described as a model young man, the Chief Justice, who is, of course, the epitome of justice, will doubtless forgive them, and a pleasant romance in real life will have been accomplished. "Bless you, my children."

FREE SPECIMENS.

The BLADE desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the BLADE *everywhere*.

IT is thought probabe that Col. CARROLL D. WRIGHT will be continued at the head of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, and that ROBERT P. PORTER, editor of the New York *Press*, will be made commissioner of the Census of 1890. Col. WRIGHT is undoubtedly the best man, by training in this special direction, for the former position, and Mr. PORTER will make an excellent official head for the census work.

THE EFFECT OF NOVEL READING.

THE following request comes to THE BLADE from H. M. T., Wheeling, W. Va.:

> EDITOR BLADE:—Will you please give your opinion as to novel reading? Have good novels a hurtful effect upon the mind?

There are novels and novels. The term is used as a general designation for works of fiction, including everything from the trashiest productions of the pen to the works of such masters of the art of story-writing as SCOTT, DICKENS, THACKERAY, GEORGE ELIOT, and others whose fame is world-wide.

A novel may be innocuous to one person, yet harmful to another. The vast majority of human lives are uneventful. The dull monotony of life, circumscribed within one unvarying round, palls upon us all. Now, a novel deals only with events. It skips over periods of monotonous life, does not mention the petty worries and crosses of every-day life, and deals only with the larger occurrences, especially with the play of the master-passion, love. Therefore, in the minds of the young, a steady mental diet of novels is liable to breed discontent with their prosaic surroundings, a wild longing to live among interesting people and in the bustle and hurry of exciting social life. In such cases, it is harmful; there can be no doubt of that.

But if the reader keeps steadily in mind that the novel is not a literal transcript from life—is not a complete record of all that transpires, but is merely a brilliant collection of the more striking episodes, there will be no harm done. Then, again, they should not be read to excess. They are the relishes of the literary dinner-table, not the principal dishes. To read novels to the exclusion of other kinds of literature is to follow the example of the spoiled child at dinner, who refuses soup, and meats and vegetables, and insists upon making his meal from the cake basket and sugar-basin entirely.

Novels are undeniably useful to the reader, if perused temperately and with judgment. The historical novels of Sir WALTER SCOTT, for instance, reproduce for us the life of the periods of which they treat in a manner which cannot be equalled. Some one, speaking of "Ivanhoe," declared it to be "an illuminated leaf from the Middle Ages;" and the justice of the remark will be appreciated by all readers. The same may be said of the "Talisman," and others of his works. THACKERAY'S "Esmond," too, gives us a vivid glimpse of English life in the time of Queen ANNE; and there are many other stories which come within the same category.

The novel of the most recent modern school seems to be developing in a new direction. Instead of being a mere amusing tale, with no higher aim than to enable the reader to pass a tedious hour or two, it aims not only to amuse, but to instruct. Among the earlier novels of purpose are those of GEORGE ELIOT (Mrs. LEWES). It is impossible to read her "Adam Bede," or "Romola," or "Middlemarch," for instance, without a widening of the mental horizon in regard to the great problems of human endeavor. The latest "novel of purpose" that has attained world-wide celebrity is "Robert Elsmere," and its success makes it certain that this particular line of novel writing will be followed extensively in the future.

We have no prejudice against the best class of novels. In point of fact, the hunger for stories is as old as humanity, and it is bound to be gratified. It is better to gratify it by reading a proper selection of works of fiction than to attempt to crush it out; for this fails, as a rule. The reading of the young should be superintended with a judicious eye, to the end that a proper literary taste shall be formed. When the mind once becomes able to discriminate, there is no danger that the trashy and ephemeral productions of literary penny-a-liners can do any harm. When one is trained in a taste for the best, the poorest is glanced at only to be rejected.

THE "OLD WAR SONGS."

THE BLADE will begin the publication, in next week's issue, of the war songs of the Rebellion—the glorious lyrics that were struck out when the nation was at a white heat of patriotic fervor, and that renewed in the people that unfaltering trust in the ultimate triumph of the cause of Union and Freedom. The old saying, "Let me but make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws," has in it a great truth. The songs and ballads of the war era had a most powerful effect in moulding and fixing public sentiment, and we are sure that a complete collection of the more noted will be a feature that will be highly prized by THE BLADE'S readers.

We are using all care to obtain absolutely correct copies of the words, and each will be published entire and complete. One, or perhaps two, will be given each week until the series is complete. Look out for the first instalment next week.

OUR METAL OUTPUT.

The United States grows more important as a metal-producer each year. The reports for 1888 show that the total output of the precious metals was greater than ever before, amounting in value to over nine million dollars. The value of the gold output, it is true, shows some decrease as compared with 1887, though it is larger than that produced in any other year since 1881. As is well known, however, there has been a considerable falling off in the production of this metal during recent years, as compared with the previous decade. But the decline in gold production was nearly offset last year by the increase in silver alone, the gain amounting, in point of value, to nearly two and a half million dollars.

Of the other metals, lead and copper both showed an especially marked increase, and it is safe to assume that, in the absence of free trade legislation, this increase will steadily continue in the future in all classes of metals. It is well to look at the matter of our great mineral industries once in a while, because the statistics of agriculture and manufacturing are so much more familiar that we are in danger of forgetting how important and growing a source of wealth we have in our mining industries.

THE American people make the lives of prominent officials a burden by their inveterate habit of writing letters. It is said that since March 4 President HARRISON'S mail has been very heavy, aggregating from six to seven hundred letters, and on some days running as high as a thousand. President CLEVELAND'S letters rarely exceeded 300 a day. Many of the communications sent to President HARRISON are intended for other persons, several of whom are utterly unknown to him, the correspondents probably thinking that letters addressed to the President will undoubtedly reach their destination.

IT is reported that offers for the entire issue of the Nicaragua Canal company's bonds have been received on terms favorable to the management. The confidence of the people in the practicability of the Nicaraguan canal has not been diminished by the sad fate which has overtaken the great project of DE LESSEPS, since the American enterprise is evidently to be conducted on sound business principles.

PARNELL'S PROSPECTS.

The crushing disclosures of the suicide PIGOTT certainly brought home to every fair-minded Englishman the fact that PARNELL and his Home Rule confreres were fearfully maligned, and must have created a reactionary sentiment in their favor. But it is by no means clear as yet what will be the result upon political parties in that country. The Conservatives, several times within the last quarter of a century, finding public sentiment against them, have deliberately changed sides and supported the principle against which they had previously contended. They did so in the case of the Reform bill of 1867, and also in 1885 when they formed an alliance—short lived though it was—with the Irish members and overthrew the Gladstone ministry.

There seems to be considerable discussion now among that party's leaders as to the advisability of a similar course at the present juncture, and the production of a Tory Home Rule bill which will be acceptable to the Irish Parliamentary party, break up the latter's alliance with the Liberals, and avert the loss of power on the part of the Conservatives by an appropriation of their opponents' thunder. The method of political manœuvring is not easily comprehended in the United States, but MR. GLADSTONE has said that Mr. PARNELL and his friends are quite free to enter upon such an arrangement if they can gain their end by doing so.

To the admirers of Mr. GLADSTONE such an outcome to the situation would be unsatisfactory. They will be disappointed if the Tories do not have backbone enough to stand up and be whipped like men. The more agreeable prospect is that the change in public sentiment will be represented in the regular legitimate way. To this end it is proposed that all Great Britain and Ireland shall be canvassed for names to a petition for the dissolution of Parliament, and to hold such a popular demonstration in favor of it that the government will not have the hardihood to resist. It will have to be a tremendous demonstration, however, if anything is to be accomplished by it.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We wish to say that it is impossible for us to consider any proposition for the publication of serial stories. All our arrangements are made for the present year, and we can not undertake to make any change.

We also wish to remind our friends that we do not desire any matter sent to us for which remuneration is desired or expected. We have a salaried staff of editors, of ability and experience in their respective lines, and we find we can make a better paper in this way (though it is more expensive), than by depending upon contributors to send in articles from which to select.

We especially request that no poems shall be sent us. We do not want them. Our arrangements are ample for all possible needs of THE BLADE.

We are glad to receive contributions on the topics pertaining to the Household, Young Folks (except poetry) Farm, Camp Fire and Question Bureau. We can not, however, pay for any such contributions, nor send THE BLADE in return for them.

We do not wish to arrange for new correspondents in any section of the country, nor to have a series of letters (on travel or anything else), nor to publish a series of articles upon any topic whatsoever.

For the benefit of many who are constantly sending MSS., which are improperly prepared or wrapped, we give herewith a few rules that may be of interest:

Write on paper of packet note size, or on square letter size. Use good, ruled, white paper, and write with black or deep violet ink.

Write only on *one* side of the paper. If the last page has only a line on it, use a sheet for that line. *Never* write on the other side.

Always write your name and postoffice address on the top of the first page, and number the pages clearly and plainly.

Never paste the sheets together to make one long strip. Editors won't take the trouble to read it.

Don't interline. Don't fill your lines up to the very edge of the sheet. Paper is cheap; use enough of it to have your article clearly and plainly written, without crowding the words, and without writing between the lines. Get up a manuscript that is easily read, if you expect an editor to give it proper attention.

Never roll your MSS. The rule with most editors is, never to attempt to read a rolled article.

Don't fold the paper, either. Cut two pieces of pasteboard the exact size of the sheets, lay the MSS. between them, then wrap securely.

Always inclose as many stamps for return postage as you put on the outside to send it. Remember, editors will not hold a declined article and write to you to send postage to return it.

Do not get indignant if the editor don't want your article. He is the sole judge of what he wishes to go into his paper, and your article may be an excellent one, but not on a subject he wishes to discuss. A rejection does not necessarily mean that the editor thinks it worthless.

Remember, there is at least five times as much literary work written and offered as there is room to publish, and necessarily four out of five articles are declined. One of the heaviest burdens of editorial work is the examination of the vast mass of contributions offered.

We do not mean that the above rules shall apply only to articles written for THE BLADE. They apply to all.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The announcement that the mental powers of the eminent authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" have yielded to the combined effects of old age and disease, and that she is no better than an imbecile, will be received with sorrow by the American people. The extinction of the light of reason is always lamentable in any one; and it will be especially felt in the case of Mrs. STOWE, whose pen first pictured to the American people the horrible wrong of human slavery, and thereby gave an impetus to the cause of freedom that did not cease until the stain on the nation was wiped out in blood.

Mrs. STOWE has passed the Psalmist's limit of man's earthly pilgrimage. Born in 1812, she is now nearing her 77th birthday. Her life has been an active one, and useful as well. Her long and very severe illness of a year ago so weakened her that the brain has lost its power, and the aged lady is mentally a little child, calmly waiting for the coming of the kindly angel of Death, that his touch may give her release.

POSTMASTER GENERAL WANAMAKER is carrying business methods into public affairs. He puts in an appearance at his office at 8 o'clock in the morning, instead of at 10, as did his predecessor, and the clerks and other employes are beginning to "hustle" in order to keep up with his ideas.

WE quote the following editorial paragraph from the Detroit *Tribune:*

> Walter Thomas Mill, one of the leaders of the Prohibition party, has an article in the Chicago *Statesman* on the third party movement, in which he says, in effect, that the third party, as at present organized, has about reached the end of its rope. A rational view of the situation.

THE internal revenue collections for the first eight months of the present fiscal year show a large increase over those for the corresponding period of last year. Let us hope that some day this last relic of war taxes will be abolished.

ALABAMA BOURBON POLITICS.

There is a queer subject just now agitating the Democrats in Alabama. It is, what shall be the basis of representation in the Democratic state convention of that state. On the one side it is urged that they should be proportioned to the number of Democratic votes, as shown by the official election returns. On the other, it is asserted that the number of delegates should be proportioned to the number of white Democratic votes in each county.

The first impression of the reader will naturally be, that there is no difference between the two propositions, and therefore he cannot understand what the quarrel is about. We will proceed to enlighten him on the point. The "black counties" of Alabama are the seat of methodical fraud at the ballot box, by which substantially one-half the colored vote is recorded as being Democratic.

The counties in which the white vote preponderates do not need to indulge in systematic fraud in the count of the votes, as the general system of intimidation keeps the negroes from attempting to exercise their rights as voters, and the white vote is largely Democratic anyhow. Hence they "kick" at a rule which would give the "black counties" Democratic delegates for half of the negro Republican vote.

It is noticeable, however, that they have no words of condemnation for the use of fraudulently counted ballots in making a false Democratic majority at elections. The only point of interest to the remainder of the Union is that there is no pretense of denial of the systematic frauds at the ballot-box, whereby the state is kept in the Democratic column. Let us hope that the long reign of scoundrelism in this and other states of the South will soon draw to a close. President HARRISON, it is to be hoped, will carry into practical effect the declaration of his inaugural upon this subject.

BEHRING SEA.

The proclamation of President HARRISON regarding seal fisheries in Behring Sea is attracting very wide attention. This state paper is merely of the nature of a notification to all other governments concerned of a law passed during the closing hours of the late Congress. An amendment was added to the salmon-fishing act which has the effect to declare Behring Sea a closed sea and not a part of the high seas, common to all nations. The amendment in its terms extends the provisions of the salmon fishing act to seal fishing in Behring Sea. That is to say, the act forbids the taking of seal by any one not authorized by the act within the waters of Behring Sea, and does not exclude them merely from fishing on certain islands.

The amendment is of great interest to the American and Canadian fishermen who may have been planning to engage in seal fishing in the open waters of the Behring Sea this season, as so many of the Canadian vessels did last season. The act authorizes the seizure of such vessels by United States revenue cutters. It is an attempt by legislative enactment to settle an international question which the great powers interested may consider still an open one. The United States government, for that matter, denied this claim when it was asserted by the Russian government.

Our claim to jurisdiction, however, has been insisted upon and enforced within the last three or four years by the actual seizure of four British sealing vessels in the open ocean, 130 miles from the nearest land. The masters of these crafts were prosecuted under a section of the Revised Statutes providing that no persons other than those licensed by the government shall kill seals "within the limits of Alaska territory, or in the waters thereof." The vessels were condemned and forfeited. The principal argument advanced by the counsel for the United States was that in the treaty settlement between Russia and Great Britain in 1825, Russia's dominion over Behring Sea was not challenged, and was thereby tacitly admitted. The inference is that we acquired all of Russia's rights by our purchase of Alaska in 1867. But the matter is further complicated by the fact that not only Great Britain but also Germany and Sweden protest against our claim to jurisdiction. The question is one of great importance and will demand great tact and wisdom in its treatment.

OUR NEW NAVY.

Secretary TRACY is determined to devote all his energies to the completion of the vessels now planned, and to the building of new ones which shall place us on an equal footing with other great powers of the world. We have already some war-ships which are modern in design and material. None of them are line-of-battle ships, nor would they be able to cope on equal terms with a foreign vessel of the first class; but in cruising, the service for which they are intended, they will prove highly effective. Before the present secretary of the Navy retires from office it may be reasonably expected that our fleet will contain about thirty more war-vessels, a majority of them rather small, but of great efficiency in the service for which they are intended.

The new gunboat Yorktown has already had her trial trip, and seems to have proven herself a success. The Charleston, at San Francisco, is practically complete, and will be ready for sea in a short time. The Baltimore is also nearly ready. The re-constructed old monitors, Miantonomoh, Puritan, Terror, Monadnock and Amphitrite, are expected to be ready for service within the year. The new battle-ship Maine has recently been begun at the Brooklyn yard. The Texas, the ship which is to be built on English designs furnished by the Barrow Shipbuilding company, is begun. The cruisers, San Francisco, Bennington, Concord and Philadelphia, are in course of construction.

In addition to these vessels, provision has been made by the last two Congresses for twelve additional ships. Two of these are to be steel cruisers of 3,000 tons displacement; one a steel cruiser of 5,300 tons; one of 7,500 tons, and three gunboats of 2,000 tons each. One of these will be a big ship, and the 5,300-ton vessel will be bigger than anything than we now have afloat. Then there are to be a very fast ram for harbor defence, a cruiser of the Vesuvius class, also very fast; two small cruisers of 1,200 tons, and last, but not least, a submerging armed steel cruising monitor of 3,000 tons. Secretary TRACY has before him a magnificent opportunity, and there is every indication that he will prove himself equal to it.

THOSE good people who are insisting on having forty-two stars on the American flag immediately are too previous. The legal number of stars on the blue union of the national banner to-day is thirty-eight, and thirty-eight it will remain until the 4th of July, 1890. North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington have not yet been admitted as states into the Union, and, consequently, they are not yet entitled to representation on the flag. They have only been authorized by law to prepare for admission. Their people have first to elect, in April, delegates to constitutional conventions. These conventions must prepare state constitutions, and these constitutions must be submitted in October, to the vote of the people, and state officers be elected. If the constitutions are then ratified by the popular vote, the President is required to issue a proclamation announcing the fact, and then, and then only, will North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington become states of the Union. The four stars, however, will not be added to the flag until the fourth day of July next succeeding, such being the provision of the general statutes of the United States.

TO OUR PROHIBITION FRIENDS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE BLADE is receiving numerous letters from friends in Pennsylvania, asking for information as to the workings of Prohibition in Kansas and Iowa, and begging us to lend our aid in the exciting campaign now beginning in that state.

This we are glad to do. We have sent for reliable information to the executives of both those states, and to others familiar with the practical workings of Prohibition. We shall, in a week or two, be able to give the *facts* in the case of Iowa and Kansas, to our Pennsylvania friends, and to prove to them that "Prohibition *does* prohibit."

Now, in order that these facts and figures may be given the widest possible circulation in Pennsylvania, we ask *every* subscriber, *every* reader of THE BLADE in that state to send us, *at once*, the names of *ten* persons *in that state* to whom we may send sample numbers of the copy containing this article—names of persons who would probably be glad to take THE BLADE during the amendment campaign.

We will make a campaign rate to Pennsylvania subscribers for this period, which will be announced in that issue of the paper. We want Pennsylvania names, because we expect to go into the contest thoroughly, and to make each issue of THE BLADE during the campaign a repository of arguments in favor of Prohibition.

Send us the names *at once!* Don't delay!

You can put ten names and addresses on a postal card; and you can afford to spend one cent to send a sample copy of THE BLADE, containing the article, "Prohibition Does Prohibit," to each of ten voters.

THE FREE TRADERS AT WORK.

We do not anticipate that the efforts of the free traders to change the economic policy of the government will be checked by the square knock-down they received last November. Indeed, they themselves declare that, though defeated, they are not disheartened, and that they propose a closer organization and a continuance of the crusade against the protective policy. They hope for more success in the future, and by no means relinquish the dream of converting a majority of the American people to their particular economic doctrine.

Every new political doctrine which comes up, no matter how false it may be, no matter how mischievous it might prove in practice, is sure of a large sprinkling of followers if it is persisted in by its advocates. These converts come from two classes: First, from those who are imperfectly educated, and who therefore have not the mental training to enable them to comprehend the fallacy of the arguments used to bolster up the doctrine; and, second, from those who are not prosperous, and who, being at the bottom of the ladder, are willing to try anything, in the hope that through it their condition or prospects may be bettered.

Free trade finds its chief support among these two classes. Added to these are a number of theorists, who imbibed their ideas from the works on political economy written in England to suit the economic conditions there existing. One of these gentlemen, who is connected with a railway constructed but a few years ago, wrote THE BLADE a long letter some months ago, in which he argued that his road cost several thousand dollars more than it otherwise would had there been no tariff on steel rails. In point of fact, the road would never have been built at all, had it not been for the tariff. It was through a region which was built up through its lumber trade and mineral resources. Had the country been, for the past quarter of a century, under a free trade policy, this particular portion of its area would not have to-day one-fifth of the population it now has, and consequently there would not be enough traffic to render a railway a paying institution.

He also avoided the fact that, had there been no protection, there would have been no steel rails made in America, and the British manufacturers would, under the monopoly they should enjoy, have put up the price of rails.

The key note to the whole free trade crusade is found in the word "cheap." It is that delusion of cheapness that has misled many honest men, to become supporters of free trade. Suppose that certain things would be cheaper under a free trade policy; if the workingmen's wages were cut down, as they assuredly would be, he would have not as much money to buy with, while many important items of living expenses would be just as costly as they are now. House rent, taxes, fuel and food would cost as much then as now. Any honest free trader will admit that. How, then, would the condition of the people be bettered?

The battle against this English policy must not be abandoned until free trade is as dead in America as the greenback heresy. The efforts of the leaders of the free trade movement are not to be relaxed. Two years hence they will be fighting for a majority in the House of Representatives again. We must meet activity with activity, energy with energy. The protective system has been a blessing to our nation, and it must be perpetuated. It is becoming the economic policy of the nations of the world, while free trade is being abandoned. England is the only great nation that adheres to it. Of all her colonies, but one follows her example—New South Wales; and protection is steadily growing there. Shall we go backward and adopt a false economic system to please a lot of impractical doctrinaires?

OUR BONDED DEBT.

The United States makes a most satisfactory showing in the gradual reduction of the enormous war debt that was the result of the struggle for the preservation of the Union. In the records of national finance the world over the United States surpasses all others as a debt payer. The following table shows the total bonded debt of the country from the date in 1865 at which it reached its highest point, to the present year:

	Bonded Debt.	Decrease.
1865, Aug. 31	$2,381,530,294	.....
1869, June 30	2,102,090,622	$219,469,772
1873, "	1,710,483,950	451,576,572
1877, "	1,711,888,500	*1,404,550
1881, "	1,639,567,750	72,320,750
1885, "	1,196,150,950	443,416,800
1889, Fe

BICYCLING IN JAPAN.

A BEAUTIFUL CYCLING COUNTRY.

The Nippon Club—Fine Scenery—Crowded Roadways—The Natives' Curiosity—Hotel Discomforts.

BICYCLING, that best of all inventions for sight seeing and physical exercise, is sure to find its way into what ever country the enterprising "Westerner" penetrates. The Japanese, who are ready to adopt anything the respected foreigner finds useful or takes pleasure in, were not slow to try the bicycle. But the Japs are not a very stable people, and the hard work required in trying to learn how to ride the wheel generally brings to them disgust for the sport and a dislike for the bicycle. However, a few learn its full control and become very good riders. There are perhaps fifty Japanese in Yokohama and Tokyo who ride regularly.

The writer of this, while in Japan, started on an overland trip from Yokohama to Kobe, a distance of over 300 miles. It was my purpose to make a quick run, as the roads were hard and dry, and there was elegant, bracing weather, but when about half way to Kobe the metal rim of my little wheel broke quite in two, which ingloriously ended my trip, and necessitated my return to Yokohama by steamer.

I left Yokohama one morning bright and early, and by noon I had reached Odawara, a distance of 37 miles. For the rest of the journey my progress was much slower, as the road was up the incline leading to the base of the Hakone mountains. From Hata, the foot of the mountains, to Mishima, the opposite side, coolies must be hired to carry the wheel, a distance of 19 miles. Mishima was reached at sunset making the whole distance for the day, 56 miles, of which 19 miles was walked. At Mishima I was delayed a day and a half by a heavy rain, which is something unusual at this time of the year. But as the roads were firm and solid, and soon dry after the rain, I started as soon as it was over and by evening I had made 29 miles in the half day, which poor progress is to be accounted for by graveled roads and long delays at two ferries across rivers. The next morning I was off again early and by 2 o'clock had reached Hamamatsu, a distance of

SEVENTY-THREE MILES IN SEVEN HOURS,

running time, although the roads were quite hilly and a long tunnel was gone through. Here, as I was running along at a good speed, the metal tire of my little wheel broke and I felt it suddenly lock with the forks. Upon dismounting to see what was the trouble I found in addition to that breakage that two spokes were broken and the whole wheel badly demoralized. I had now to walk ten miles to the coast where I could get a small steamer to carry me back to Yokohama. So ended a trip which so far had gone very pleasantly and gave every promise of ending satisfactorily.

The Tokaido (main road), over which I went, is on the whole an excellent road for bicycling, and I am confident that the trip can be made in three days provided that good weather is had.

Japan is full of rivers, and of course has many bridges. These when of any length require toll. It is sometimes very inconvenient to have to dismount at a toll office, and when such is the case it is convenient to split in part the fee, and if one hears any remarks, yell back, "Wakerimasen," (I do not understand), which isn't a bad word to have in the tourist's vocabulary.

The real hindrance to long touring in Japan is the lack of the comforts and necessaries of life.

THE COUNTRY IS PICTURESQUE

and well worth the sight-seer's attention; the people are polite and try to please; but the hotels are something awful. Japanese food is unbearable to most foreigners. It consists principally of rice, fat fish, various vegetables and weeds mixed indiscriminately and cooked in vile smelling oils, the flavor of which alone is enough to unman the swiftest and most fearless bicyclist. When the pretty waitresses (they are the one thing, at least, the tourist finds pleasant in his travels) bring this sundry mixture of vile smells so insulting to the guest's nostrils, he implores her, with tears in her eyes and a sudden remembrance of his first seasickness, to remove the stuff without delay. It is no wonder that the Japanese are a small people, for this kind of food is enough to dwarf a person with an iron digester. It would have done the many friends of our brave "round-the-world" cyclist, Stevens, much good to see him stow away the food at the Hiogo hotel at Kobe, after his first week of touring in Japan from Nagasaki to that place. The writer of this had the pleasure of seeing him in this successful act, and it is needless to say that he acquitted himself with great credit to a meal fit for a white man, and no doubt much to his own pleasure. Mr. Stevens made many friends during his tour through Japan, and the writer found many Japanese along the road he went over, which was the same that Mr. Stevens traversed almost a year before, who remembered Mr. Stevens as the first man mounted on

THE "CRAZY MACHINE"

whom they had ever seen.

However, chicken, beef and potatoes can be had in most places, and if the tourist will take the trouble to superintend the cooking himself, the Japs are sure to spoil everything if left to themselves, he can manage to get along very well. But a tired man dislikes to be his own cook and very often it takes from one to two hours to get the things together. Japanese hotels have no chairs nor tables, and one must do the oriental act of squatting tailor-fashion on the straw mats which serve the purpose of chair, table, lounge and bed.

But to me the most horrible thing about a native hotel is the night's rest. The mats are soft and not uncomfortable, but they serve the purpose of excellent hen-roosts. It is astonishing how many fleas a mat, a little mat 4x2 feet, can contain. I was never able to take an accurate census of them, but I have busied myself the whole night long in chasing them over my prostrate body so that they might have sufficient exercise to induce a good appetite. After mutterings, twistings, itchings and rubbings, one of the invaders is discovered. What exultation is felt when the thumb and finger closes on the victim of righteous wrath. The hunter straightens grimly up and for a moment enjoys the sanguinary doom about to be meted out to the ruthless invader of rest. He then gradually releases the pinching power of thumb and finger. He releases a little more, still more and more; he opens wide his fingers. The flea is not there. He has fled;

FLED AS A FLEA FLEETH.

After such a night of vexation and disappointments in which the victim may have, perhaps, secured two or three hours' rest, he is inclined to run over small dogs and a lazy duck now and then from pure spite.

The diversions of the bicyclist in Japan are an occasional race with the half-naked village boys, who are always in for a race, and good runners they for the most part are; missing by a shave the pack horses and jinrikishas; overtaking the rapid (?) Jap coaches or stages, and being entertained at the numerous tea-houses, which latter is the best by far of all diversions. That man must be a cold-blooded animal who can pass through Japan without enjoying the pleasures of the tea-houses. You "hitch your horses" on the outside and lounge in complete oriental laziness on the soft mats, and while surrounded by a bevy of

BLACK-EYED, SMILING BEAUTIES,

partake of fine tea and light refreshments with which these fair ones lavishly supply you. Leaving a few rin on a small, lacquered table, it being impolite to pay for your entertainment from hand to hand, you bid these pretty waitresses many *sayonaras* (good-byes) and speed on to the next stopping place.

Not to be forgotten among the pleasures of bicycling in this country is the fine scenery through which you pass. Pictures of brown thatched cottages nestling among the rich verdure which is fresh and green the year around; clear brooks gushing from the steep hill-sides and lazily turning the wheels of ancient rice mills; Fuji Yama, Japan's loftiest mountain, capped with its shroud of white, and the distant glistening peaks of the Hakonies, present what can only be seen in mountainous countries, summer and winter combined in gems of scenery fairer than artists' ideals. No country in the world has a clearer atmosphere than Japan, and these pictures in nature stand out bold and clear, adding to them brightness and life.

ITS LUDICROUS SIDE.

I recently saw a staid custom house official riding a small three-wheeled boy's tricycle made out of wood, such as you can buy for a few dollars. At every slight grade he would manfully exert himself, but after getting half-way up he would have to dismount and pull the thing after him. With his knees higher than his elbows, and his body bent forward he looked more like a man with the colic than a dignified wheelman.

Another, with very little nerve, was mounted on a cheap German wheel and had a servant on each side holding it up, while he slowly pedaled it along. If that man did not increase in nerve he is probably still learning to ride his wheel.

A braver man than this, but an unskilful rider, collided with a jinrikisha going at a good speed. Result: Three broken spokes, a buckled wheel, the rider thrown on the jinrikisha's top which was smashed, a coolie with a skinned leg, a pretty girl in the jinrikisha with a torn dress, more scared than hurt—damages to machine and vehicle $30—the poor Jap's savings for a year.

The Japanese are people of acute curiosity. This curiosity sometimes brings to the bicycle tourist inconvenience and delay. He no sooner enters a town than

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

hasten after him, and as soon as he alights for rest and refreshment at a tea house, a large part of the town's inhabitants are crowding around his wheel examining it with wonder and amazement. If you are in a mood to answer questions you are kept talking till you are tired. They want to know how it is made, how run, how guided, if it ever throws you, what the rubber tire is for, what makes the bell ring, what stops it, and how fast it will go. It is often well to use the convenient *wakorimasen*, (I do not understand), but much amusement is gained by answering some of their questions. When they ask:

"How fast do you travel?"

"About thirty miles an hour," indifferently reply.

"*Nara hodo!*" (wonderful!) they return, in open mouthed astonishment.

"How much does it cost?" they ask.

"Five hundred dollars."

"*So diska!*" (Is it so!)

If you had said $100 it would have amazed them as much, for to those simple village and country people $100 is a fabulous sum.

The Japanese are of the famous liars of the Orient, and will tell you whoppers with a bland, child-like expression which almost makes you believe what you know to be a lie, and yet they will believe the most improbable stories, and seemingly love to be gulled. BURT O. SQUIER.

HON. JOHN BRIGHT.

THE GREAT ENGLISHMAN DYING.

A Sketch of a Grand Life—His Friendship for the North During the War—Other Points in His Career.

A London dispatch of the 26th says Mr. John Bright has suffered another relapse and is very weak. He has not taken food for 36 hours, except from a spoon. Dr. Hoyle, Mr. Bright's physician, says he is gradually sinking. John Bright's biography is the political history of England in his day. He was born at Greenbank, near Rochdale, in Lancashire, afterwards the cradle of co-operation in England, on Nov. 16, 1811. He came from a family of Quakers, his father,

Jacob Bright, having set up a hand-loom in 1802 in the neighborhood of Rochdale, thus laying the foundation of the important cotton-spinning industry which the sons developed.

His earnestness, common-sense estimate of every question, and his marked faculty for impressing the common people with homely arguments, have been widely attributed to his Quaker training and simplicity of early manners. He was in part educated at Ackworth, a well-known Friends' school, and later went to school at York and Newton. In February, 1827, when a little more than 15 years old, he entered his father's business, but was already so much interested in public affairs that in 1830 he began to speak at temperance meetings near Rochdale.

In 1833 young Bright made his first visit to the Continent, and during the next few years made brief visits to France, Germany and the East. His observations during these travels formed the subject of some lectures before the Rochdale Literary and Philosophical society.

When the question of national education came before the public in 1835, Mr. Bright took a warm interest in the movement, and was first brought into contact with Richard Cobden, of Manchester. Up to the time of Cobden's death, in 1865, the great free trade leader had no more enthusiastic ally than John Bright.

At first the work of Bright and Cobden was directed to the extension of primary education.

ANTI CORN LAW.

Neither was an original member of the Anti Corn Law association, formed at Manchester in 1838; but when, at Cobden's suggestion, the association was changed into the National Anti-Corn Law league, Mr. Bright's name was second on the list of the committee, and he and his father, Jacob Bright, contributed to the fund. In 1841, at Cobden's invitation, Bright entered the struggle against the corn laws, which Irish brought him prominently before the public. He attacked the problem on moral, rather than on political grounds.

In 1843 he was nominated for Parliament as representative of Durham, and though at first defeated, he was elected at a second contest after his opponent had been unseated for bribery. On August 7, 1843, John Bright delivered his first speech in Parliament in support of a motion concerning the customs revenues, and was largely interested in winning over Sir Robert Peel and securing the abolition of the corn laws.

Mr. Bright's next work was in opposition to a movement on behalf of operators in factories proposing to fix the legal day's work at ten hours. He maintained that the workmen and their employers should be left to regulate their mutual relations; but even his own work people forwarded a petition to parliament in favor of the bill, and in June, 1847, it became a law. That Mr. Bright's position did not seriously affect his popularity was shown in his election to Parliament the same year for Manchester. The important subjects upon which he worked at that time were various proposals for the relief of Ireland and the search for a supply of cotton outside of America.

Mr. Bright shared with Cobden the abhorence of war which led to the peace congresses of that time. He also opposed the demand for increased armaments which followed the coup de etat of 1852 in France.

When England drifted into war with Russia, Mr. Bright opposed, the government and his own constituents, and in 1855 he made some memorable speeches against the continuance of war. In 1856 he retired from Parliament, but was returned by Birmingham in August, 1857.

BRIGHT FOR THE UNION.

While actively at work in favor of the extension of the franchise, the civil war in this country divided England. John Bright was conspicuous in support of the Union, though his own business and that of the whole cotton-manufacturing districts suffered terribly. As a member of the Society of Friends, it was no surprise to find him standing like a rock upon the side of the North.

On May 8, 1861, Lord John Russell announced in the House of Commons that, after consulting the law officers of the crown, the government were of the opinion that the Southern Confederacy of America must be recognized as a belligerent power, and on the 13th there appeared a proclamation of neutrality.

Mr. Bright first spoke publicly on the subject at a meeting of his townsmen at Rochdale, on August 1.

"No man," he said, "is more in favor of peace than I am; no man has denounced war more than I have, probably in this country; few men in their public life have suffered more obloquy—I had almost said, indignity—in consequence of it. But I cannot for the life of me see, upon any of those principles upon which states are governed now—I say nothing of the literal word of the New Testament—I cannot see how the state of affairs in America, with regard to the United States government, could have been different from what it is at this moment. If the 33 or 34 states of the American Union can break off whenever they like, I can see nothing but disaster and confusion throughout the whole of the continent.

HIS WORK AT HOME.

After the close of our war, Mr. Bright returned to his labors on behalf of extending the franchise; he spoke at meeting after meeting, and had the satisfaction of seeing the minority in favor of reform grow steadily, until even the Conservative party finally passed a bill which, in some respects, was beyond what the Liberals had first proposed. In December, 1868, Mr. Bright became president of the board of Trade under Mr. Gladstone, and proved to be less of a firebrand in office than his opponents had predicted. In 1870 ill health compelled him to resign his post, although for a few years after he followed the work of Parliament more or less actively. In August, 1873, Mr. Bright was appointed chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, which post he held until the defeat of the Gladstone party in the following year.

Mr. Bright again became chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster in 1880, when Gladstone returned to power, but resigned in 1882, when the government began war in Egypt. Mr. Bright felt that he could not conscientiously continue in office and countenance bloodshed. John Bright was married in November, 1839, to Elizabeth Priestman, the eldest daughter of Jonathan Priestman, of Newcastle. His wife died in 1841, and he was married again in 1849 to Margaret E Leatham, daughter of a banker of Wakefield. There have been four sons and three daughters from this marriage.

The separation of John Bright from the bulk of the Liberal party on the Irish question is the only incident in his career which really dimmed its splendor. Almost from his entrance into the House of Commons he made himself the outspoken and uncompromising champion of Irish wrongs.

He boldly justified, or at all events excused, Irish turbulence and disorder, in view of the oppressive character of the land laws, and the existence of an alien church establishment, at a time when the Irish Catholics had in the House of Commons few or no other defenders. He was one of Mr. Gladstone's most vigorous and effective supporters in disestablishing the Anglican church in 1872, and he was equally stanch in assisting in the passage of the Land acts of 1870 and 1881. But further than this he was not prepared to go. With the Irish national idea, he never appeared to have had much sympathy, and when the Franchise bill of 1884 brought into the House 86 Irish members, many of them frantically and unmannerly, and some rather ostentatiously indifferent to Mr. Bright's claim on Irish gratitude, he became completely alienated from the Irish, and proved one of the most powerful and even truculent opponents of Mr. Gladstone's scheme of home rule.

His irritability under the criticism which his abandonment of his old friend's excited sometimes led him into utterances of such inconsistency as to give color to the charge that he had changed his earlier political opinions; but the general disposition of Englishmen has been to remember only the great service he has rendered to the Liberal cause in the days of vigor, and to set down his latter day aberration to age and ill-health.

William Robertson, in his book upon the "Life and Times of John Bright," says of Bright's personal appearance: "He may be described as robust of frame, 5 feet 9 inches in height, broad-chested and of graceful deportment. His face is broad and full, and decidedly Saxon; his forehead high, expansive and prominent, bordered with venerable locks, silvered by time.

"Dark and heavy brows overhang his keen eyes, which are of tender blue, full of sweet gravity, and wonderfully intellectual, which can flash fire or melt into tears and captivate all who come within the sphere of their influence. When animated during a speech, his comely Saxon features brighten into unmistakable beauty. The whole has an expression of the intellectual dignity, candor, serenity and lofty, gentlemanly repose. For the last 30 years, or more, his oratory has been so popular that when he has given his promise to address a meeting in any town, the number of persons applying for admission tickets has exceeded by thousands that which any building could accommodate, and so valuable are his speeches considered that at these meetings about 60 reporters are present, who record every sentence."

"THE deaths of women from Bright's Disease during the child-bearing years of life (from twenty to forty-five) is as high as 80 women to 100 men. After the age of 45 the proportion of deaths from Bright's Disease sank to 50 women for 100 men. There seems no other conclusion to be drawn from this, than that pregnancy is a frequent cause of Bright's Disease." So writes Wm. Roberts, M. D., F. R. C. P., London, Physician to the Manchester, Eng., Royal Infirmary, Professor of Medicine in the Owen's College, Manchester. All women, during pregnancy and the "getting up" period, should use Warner's Safe Cure, and prevent disease of the kidneys.

Russell Harrison's Little Daughter.

Many questions have been asked about the name of Russell Harrison's child, and few have been able to understand it when told. Marthena is the name, and it is historical besides. Benjamin Harrison McKee cannot hold a candle to his little cousin when it comes to ancientness of names. The name of Marthena is a sort of heirloom in the family of Mrs. Russell Harrison's mother, and it came to this country originally in the times of Christopher Columbus. It is a Spanish name and was borne last, before the present little girl, by Mrs. Saunders, the baby's grandmother. Mrs. Russell Harrison was Miss Saunders, a daughter of the thin Senator from Nebraska. She is taller than most women, and must measure four inches above five feet. She has loveliness in both her face and figure. She is a blonde of purely golden type, with that rich complexion that golden blonds so often possess. She is vivacious and amiable and is likely to be the most talked-of of all the new state family. She and Russell Harrison have been away, while the McKees have always lived with the general, so that the prettiest of them all has not had awarded to her the place in public mind that she is certain to soon occupy.

Why She Preferred the Tenor.

"So the belle of the choir has married the tenor?"

"Yes."

"I thought she favored the bass."

"Yes, but she got some high flown notions into her head and threw over the bass for the tenor."

"For what reason?"

"Because the tenor was more high toned."—*Boston Courier.*

Peddles Coffins.

A peculiar old man, known only as Boxem Brown, has long made a living by peddling coffins through the territory of New Mexico. He travels with a team of mules, a big wagon and about twenty cheap coffins of assorted sizes.

GOT THE $15,000.

Drawn From the Louisiana State Lottery.

In an interview with Wm. J. Smith, who was the holder of one-twentieth of ticket No. 5,882, which drew the capital prize of $300,000 at the drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery of the 15th inst., he stated that when on the 16th he found himself to be the winner of $15,000, he immediately placed his ticket in the Second National bank for collection. In eight days the money was subject to his order at the same bank, the remittance having been made by New York drafts, a portion of the amount he drew and placed on deposit in different banks.

Mr. Smith came to Bay City some eight years ago, during which time he has been engaged in different branches of business. At the present time he is janitor of the Phœnix block, the largest and handsomest building in the city. Mr. Smith is 34 years of age, married and the father of two bright boys. A year ago last April he commencing investing one dollar each month in the Louisiana State Lottery and has regularly done so with the above result.—*Bay City* (Mich.) *Press*, Jan. 31.

FREE $25 Solid Gold Watch Sold for $100 until lately. Best $25 watch in the world. Perfect time-keeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Elegant and magnificent. Both ladies and gents sizes, with works and cases of equal value. One Person in each locality can secure one Free. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 3 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the Solid Gold watch and Costly samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $1,000 to $5,000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader, it will be hardly any profits for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, you have lost but this. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure free one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of Costly Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Stinson & Co., Box 224, Portland, Maine.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Her Physical Condition Has Improved but Mentally She is a Mere Child.

It is now about six months since Harriet Beecher Stowe was brought as an invalid

from Sag Harbor to Hartford. Mrs. Stowe went early last season to Sag Harbor to spend the summer. For a time she seemed benefited by the change, but for several weeks before she returned to Hartford her life was despaired of. Every one supposed that the renowned authoress of "Uncle Tom" had but a few weeks to live at best, and by many of her near friends her life was measured by days.

Only the care of her physician and the attentive nursing of her children brought her through her illness. But Mrs. Stowe finally recovered of her ailments, and is seemingly now in as good health as she has been ever of late years. The true mental condition of Mrs. Stowe, although well known here in Hartford, is seldom alluded to. It is, however, a fact that Mrs. Stowe's mind is shattered, and she is, at best, in intellectuality, but a mere child.

Her friends will not say that she is insane, nor that she is an imbecile, but her mind is almost completely gone. Her memory is that of a baby. When former dear friends visit her, people whom she has known for years, she greets them with a vacant stare, so indicative a symptom of cases of that kind. Of course Mrs. Stowe's relatives view all this with feelings of dismay, but they have now become reconciled to the change, and her whims are treated with the utmost tenderness.

For some time it was given out that Mrs. Stowe did not recognize her friends because of failing eye sight, but this excuse is no longer alluded to, and the fact that she is now no longer mentally capable is recognized by every one. It was also, for a long time, thought to be an attribute of genius when Mrs. Stowe showed these idiosyncracies, but the genius which made "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the most popular book of the century has departed.

The father of Mrs. Stowe, the Rev. Lyman Beecher, passed the closing years of his life with a cloud resting over his mind. His symptoms were very similar to those which now afflict Mrs. Stowe.

BRIGHT LITTLE ONES.

Wit and Wisdom from the Young Folks—Children's Smart Sayings.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

A minister's little daughter, who had been to church for the first time and heard her father preach, was questioned by him on reaching home as to how she liked the sermon. There was an embarrassed silence. Then the little maid, tired out with the long strain of "being good," and yet anxious not to offend in any wise, made answer with a long-drawn breath of patient resignation: "You preached awful long, papa, but I beared it."—*Harper's Young People.*

YOUNG TOMMY.

Aunt (jocosely)—Why, you have been here fully ten minutes, Tommy, and haven't spoken of your new boots yet; how is that?

Tommy (confidentially)—I don't think of these boots more'n half the time, aunty.

Another time Tommy came down the street whistling so loudly as to make himself conspicuous.

Aunt—What made you whistle so, Tommy?

Tommy—Oh, I was thinking I'd just whistle my daylights out if I should find a jackknife.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN IMPERFECT JOB.

Dot was a bright-eyed, flaxen-haired little country girl, and not accustomed to seeing the now prevailing style of shore hair as worn by the gentlemen, so when her big sister's lover came out for a visit his closely-clipped hair attracted the little one's attention. While the two lovers were enjoying a quiet *tete-a-tete* the little girl climbed up where the couple were seated and began cautiously rubbing her hand "against the grain" of the short hair on the back of the young man's neck. Finally her thoughtful little face lighted up as if she had satisfactorily solved a difficult problem, and she remarked:

"Oh, I'd better go back to town and get the pin-feathers tooked out."—*Chicago Herald.*

WALDO'S VERSE.

Among the children of a certain Sunday school is a bright little boy of 4 years. He has an uncle who takes great pleasure in teaching him nonsensical verses. A few Sabbaths since his teacher was telling the class about the busy bees, and asked if any of the children could tell her anything about them.

"Waldo can," spoke up a little fellow.

"Well, Waldo, you may stand in front of the class and tell us what you know."

With childish innocence he said:

"How doth the little busy bee
Delight to bark and bite,
To gather honey all the day
And eat it up at night."

Trying to suppress a smile, the surprised teacher said, "Did your mamma teach you that?"

"No, my Uncle Arthur did."

AN ENLIGHTENED LOVER.

"Little Golden Locks," to her sister's affianced, who is waiting in the parlor:

"God loves me more than he does Marie."

"How do you know, little one, that he loves you more?"

"Because he gives me golden hair for nothing, and she has to rub hers with some stuff in a bottle and sit ever so long in the sun to make it look like mine. That's the reason she's so long coming down."—*N. Y. World.*

WILLIE'S JUDICIAL MIND.

Mother (severely)—Robert, you did very wrong to do what I told you not to do. As a punishment for your disobedience, I forbid you to play with Willie again this afternoon.

Bobby and Willie twist nervously about their respective chairs for half an hour, when Willie observes:

"Ma, do you think its fair to punish both of us for what Bobby done?"—*Binghampton Republican.*

PRIDE.

A friend of mine was speaking to his small pupils of the remoteness of Christ's birth, and then proceeded to ask each of the children how old they were. Each gave her age until he came to Rosie Moore, who said: "I was six years old the other day, but I could have been borned long ago if I wanted to."—*Pittsburg Press.*

LITTLE ONES.

A three-year-old remarked to his mother the other day, after carefully observing a solemn Skye terrier that frequents the neighborhood, "Dat doggy looks like Moses coming down the mountain." The youngster evidently gained his quaint idea from a biblical picture that children delight in.—*Troy Times.*

They took the small boy into a china shop, and to keep him quiet while his elders were examining dinner sets somebody showed him a collection of statuettes of little boys. "H'mm!" said Johnny, ungratefully, after awhile: "Boys is nothing! Show us some little girls."—*The Beacon.*

Little Flora, 3 years old, lives in the country, where pigs are numerous, and are in the habit of rubbing or scratching themselves against the fence, or anything convenient. Flora saw one indulging in this one day, when she said: "Oh, mamma, there is another pig sharpening himself."—*Youth's Companion.*

It Is Still a Grand Army.

Notwithstanding the inroads that are made by death, the Grand Army of the Republic is still a grand army in numbers as well as moral power and historic interest. The official record for the past year shows a membership of 384,583. Ohio leads with 43,252, Pennsylvania comes next with 42,081, and New York third with 39,845. The Grand Army spent during the year $75,945.85 in aiding old soldiers and their families who lacked the necessaries of life. With nearly 400,000 veterans enrolled, standing shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart, the republic has its own Grand Army whose valor and sacrifices it should never forget. Each year thins the ranks. Each month the old veterans are passing away. But as long as there remain any survivors of the splendid host who went forth to save the Union, it will still be the Grand Army, whatever its number.—*Des Moines Register.*

HOW HE CURED CYRUS.

Gymnastics All Right up to a Certain Point.

"This 'ere athletics and gymnasiums is all wrong," said the old man, as he laid down his paper and began to shuck a three-ply peanut. "I've had a sample of it in my own family, and I know how it works."

"Don't you believe in such exercise for a young man?"

"Wall, the exercise may be all right, but the fellers git false ideas in their heads. Take my son Cyrus, fer instance. Cy was a leetle inclined to consumption, and I rayther encouraged gymnastics. It wasn't three weeks afore he began to git sassy. I gave him a lickin' one day, and I could see that he didn't take it kindly. He began to put on airs over his mother, and when I cum to inquire around a leetle I found that Cy was on the box. He was a-holdin' up his dukes and knockin' the boys right and left. I overheard him talkin' to our Bill about 'position,' 'guard,' 'break away,' 'knockout,' and sich, and every day he got sassier and sassier. He was 18 years old, but I allus lick my boys till they are past 20. I saw that Cy was goin' to buck. Thar' was Bill and Tom and Jerry to be affected by his example, and I felt that suthin' orter to be done. One day we was hoein' corn, and Cy was off. I didn't mind it fur awhile, but bime-by I got riled and said:

"'Seems to me you ar' achin' fur a lickin'.'

"'Mebbe I am father,' he replies, as cool as ice, 'but I shan't git it. I've been licked fur the last time.'

"'Cause why?' I asked.

"'Cause I won't allow it.'

"Then I knew that the time had com when he'd got to have sunthin' stronger than hoss medicine. He'd got the big head on him tremenjus, and it was then or never.

"'Suppose we walk over to the barn, Cy?' I keerlessly remarked as I finished a row.

"He said he was my huckleberry, and we dropped our hoes and went. When we got inside we both begun to peel by mutual consent, and Cy carried a grin all over his face. He'd bin put on to a new upper-cut two or three days before, and he was calkelatin' on spillin' my chewin' machine at the fust blow. He looked the jim-dandy as he squared off, and I rayther anticipated the wust. I never fit in my life, but when we squared off I was bound to down Cyrus. Says I:

"'Cy, will ye quit yer sass and knuckle if I don't lick ye?'

"And he said: 'Father, raise yer dukes a leetle higher, and look out fur me!

"With that he tapped me on the storeroom with one hand and cuffed my ear with the other, and I sailed in. He give me one on the tooth-box as I closed in, but arter that the gate money was mine. I throwed him into the manger, over the fannin' mill and behind the granary, and I was goin' to run him through the cornsheller when he hollered 'Enough!' and begged me to let up on him. It worked a mighty sudden cure on him. Swellin' all went out of his head that night, and when I licked him with a cornstalk next day he was as humble as a calf. Gymnastics is all right up to a certain pint, but when you git beyond it it's dangerous. S'posen I hadn't come out on top of Cy! Why, sir, he'd have bin bluffin' me outer the house by this time, and probably had a match on with Sullivan!"

That Was Not His Profession.

Mr. Van Stine—Your friend who has just left us seems quite a pessimist, Miss Jones.

Miss Jones—Oh, no; Mr. Wabash is an oculist, and they do say one of the finest in the city.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Publishers' Column.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

This wonderful picture, the masterpiece of the greatest animal painter the world has ever seen, has been on exhibition in nearly all the cities of Europe, and after being owned by A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt, America's greatest millionaires has now been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

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CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. Also "Christ on Calvary," a companion picture, price 25 cents.

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HOME TALKS.

THE LENTEN SEASON.

The Lull it Brings in Social Pleasures and its Meaning.

AM not a Lenten observer, that is, the purely religious side of the season does not especially appeal to me, and yet something there is of grandeur in the thought that among Christian nations everywhere, there are thousands upon thousands who are ordering their lives for a season in a manner apart from the ordinary, in order to commemorate the sufferings of One who, they hold, died that they might live.

It is an old, old custom that of fasting before Easter, observed in the Roman, Greek and Oriental churches. Indeed it is claimed that this fast or a similar one was held to commemorate the fasts of Moses and Elias in very ancient times, and was kept with more or less rigor according to the people, their character and religious fervor.

ITS PRESENT USE.

I am not, however, going to discuss Lent from a religious or historical point of view, but simply what it seems to me is its use now, looked at apart from its being an ordinance of the church, and as such binding upon her people.

One of the most noticeable changes which it makes everywhere, is the lull in social gaieties. If it did nothing else—if it did not bring with it a single spiritual blessing, that one thing in itself would be a source of great good. Any one who has read the society columns in the papers of any city during the last winter must have noted how the pleasure-seeking throng has rushed from one entertainment to another with absolutely no cessation either day or night. To those not "in the swim" it veritably seemed as if the social world had gone mad. And now that Lent has come, withdrawing so many of those who may be considered as forming a part of that world, out of the current of festivity giving and attending, a wholesome check is placed upon its flood, and the season of gaiety has been brought to a partial close. The enforced quiet brings an opportunity, to the Lenten observant, at least, to sit down and reckon with her inner, better self, what she has gained during the weeks of the winter she has just passed. The extent to which she will do this depends upon the amount of true gold she has in her character, upon the depth or superficiality of her nature.

SOCIAL COURTESIES NECESSARY.

I am, by no means, decrying society or the exchange of social courtesies. They are a necessity for the preservation of good-will, the extending of kindly feeling. Society, in its true meaning, is a factor of growth, and more than aught else shows the stage of civilization of a people, but when "being in society" comes to mean taking full part in a whirl of dissipation that leaves no leisure for keeping pace with even the current events of the day, to say nothing of the treasures of literature which the world possesses, and even worse than that, leaves no time for home duties, or for that family life which brings the sweetest and most enduring happiness, then it is that Lent comes as a beneficent, if sometimes an unwelcome visitor.

A popular society woman said the other day, "I am glad that I am going to have a chance to get acquainted with my husband and children once more, for it is a fact that I've hardly seen them since the party season began." I cannot but wonder what, in her thoughtful moments, if she ever has any, life really means to her, if there never comes anything of deeper significance than the winning of a progressive euchre prize. It seems not, and yet she is a kindly woman, full of good impulses which she has no time to carry out, with quick perceptions, a retentive memory and fair abilities, qualities that would enable her to become a more than ordinarily cultivated woman if she so willed.

Byron, with that biting sarcasm which is always so evident in his writings, says somewhere:

"Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the Bores and Bored."

As a matter of curiosity, I should like to know how many of those who allowed themselves to be drawn into this social dissipation, will not now, in looking back over the winter, agree with this cynical observation. Of course there are those, both among men and women, who could not if they would, but emphatically would not if they could, have any other object in life but to put on gay attire, and go forth whenever the chance comes, to endeavor to convince the world that they are social lights. And right here I am reminded of a little story which I read lately, that amused me vastly. It runs in this wise:

The other day a little cherub of but a few summers sat at the window of her residence when a genuine dude walked wearily by. His legs were phantom-like, his shoes long and pointed, his dress foppish, he wore a single eyeglass and carried a diminutive rattan cane. As he stared about idiotically the little one said:

"Mamma, did Dod make 'at man?"

"Yes, my darling."

The little one looked again and with a merry twinkle in her eye said:

"Mamma, Dod likes to have fun des' as much as anbody, don't he?"

As Captain Jack Bunsby would sententiously remark "The bearings of that observation lies in the application on't."

IN THE WHIRL.

It is the easiestthing in the world, as almost everybody finds, for "the other kind of folk" to be drawn into the social whirl and carried away for a season. It does, in fact, require no small amount of self-control to prevent it, especially if the possession of social gifts and accomplishments brings popularity. To such, Lent comes with a feeling of relief, even if it be mixed with regret for lost opportunities.

It is not surprising that the young, to whom life is yet one long summer's day, do not give it such a glad welcome, but even for those who are not possessed of a devotional spirit, or care not to pose as devotees, the time has its compensations, for is not Easter coming, involving an Easter bonnet and costume?

Ah what a strange sort of a world this is—a good one, too, in spite of its strangeness, if looked at a right! And yet what trifles, light as air, attract and hold the attention through all the years of life. Not that I believe in the constant preparation for the future to the exclusion of the present and its opportunities for happiness. We have the *now*, and it is as real and beautiful, if we but open our eyes and see, as anything which a far-away future can possibly bring. It is only that we walk with closed eyes or with our face among the stars, while the flowers are blooming all unseen at our side. We have the present, and God's laws of love and harmony are as potent as they ever have been and will be. It simply needs that we recognize their supremacy, that we live true to our highest perceptions at each present moment, and then Lent, for physical or spiritual benefit, will not be a necessity, but simply a matter of duty from the standpoint of religious belief.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

SOMEONE one writes for the description of certain kinds of fancy work which have long since lost their popularity, for the fashions change in these things as much as in anything else. We give them however, when called for, unless they take up too much room. Zephyr flowers, for instance, are not employed now, but we have given some description of their making once, but cannot do so again, much as we should oblige our correspondents.

Sachet for Handkerchiefs.—This sachet is made of satin, nine inches wide by eighteen inches long, so that, when folded, it makes a square. A spray of flowers may be either painted or embroidered in floselle. The satin is lined with quilted satin, which is well sprinkled with satchet powder. The edge is finished by a cord. A bow of ribbon ornaments one corner.

Corner-Shaped Bed Pocket.—The outside of this pocket is plush, the inside of etamine or Java canvas; upon one corner a spray of rosebuds and leaves may be embroidered in silk, the stem tied with a narrow satin ribbon; a tiny border of forget-me-nots fills in the space. The edge of the pocket is ornamented by a ruching of ribbon. The little point of the pocket is tied with a bow, of picot-edged satin ribbon to match the plush. A loop is added to the top to suspend the pocket. A pocket of this kind is almost indispensable in a bed-room, as in it can be thrown combings of the hair, scraps of paper, thread, etc., thus adding to the tidiness of the toilet table.—DE VERE FEW.

We shall be glad to hear often from our correspondent, the more that her copy is so carefully prepared.—ED.

TWO PRETTY PANELS.—Two pretty panels are made of pine. The edges are beveled and gilded, and a little below the center of each is a palette drawn with charcoal or a lead pencil. On one palette is painted a spring landscape, and thrown diagonally across the panel is a spray of spring flowers, violets, etc. On the other palette is painted an autumn landscape, with golden rod and asters across the panel. If the sisters who are interested in painting will send a stamp to pay the postage, I will send them the sketches for the panels.—MRS. J. H. IRONS, Glenwood, Ia.

KNITTING AND CROCHTING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and k, slip and knit; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; sl ch ss, close chain stitch; ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

SECOND PART AND HEADING OF MALTESE LACE, GIVEN LAST WEEK.—Make a chain of 8 stitches, attach it to the 10th stitch of foundation chain. 1st row—ch 1—1 d c in 4th st of ch—ch 3—1 d c in same st—repeat two times—ch 1—1 slip st through 1st st of ch—ch 8—ch 1—turn; 2nd row—slip 2 d c—1 d c over ch of 3, connecting 2nd and 3 d c of preceding row—ch 3—1 d c over same ch—repeat twice—ch 1—1 slip st through opposite point of 1st pattern (over ch of 3)—ch 1—turn; 3d row—like 2nd row of 1st pattern; 4th row—like 2nd row of present pattern—repeat 3d and 4th rows.

Make the heading by working 1 s c in every point, with a ch of 10 between each two points. If desired, a narrower lace may be made by working the required length in first pattern, and adding the heading of 1 s c, ch 10. Or a wider lace by adding one or more rows of the open work. Or large sheets of the open work may be found after the manner of rick-rack and may be used as yoke of dresses of a bed spread or dolies.

If any pattern meets the approval of the editor and does not find its way to the waste basket, you may hear from me soon again.—MINDA, Puget Sound.

DAINTIES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD—(No. 2)—Now for the patties. There are so many fillings for them I will only mention a few. First, oyster patties. You can buy the little tins for them from many tinners, but if you cannot, take some tiny little cake tins, not deep, line with your paste, prick lightly in a few places with a broom straw if they get too puffy while baking. When they are baked, as many as you think your family will consume, then you must prepare oysters in any delicate way you fancy and fill them. The real oyster patty tins are tiny arrangements, and only hold one oyster, and have a little door for inserting that. Of course the crust amounts to a good deal, and with a large oyster in is not so small a mouthful after all. I put them with raw oysters put in after baking, others like best with the oyster put in before baking and seasoned with butter, salt and pepper. Broiled, fried or stewed oysters are used. Where you have to invent tins, if you wish tops to them, you will have to cut out pieces of your paste the size of the top of the tins you use, and lay them in a large baking tin, not allowing them to touch each other. For chicken patties, use pieces of stewed chicken, boned and chopped or cut into small pieces, and seasoned with a nice, rich gravy thickened with cream thickening.

You can use all kinds of meats the same way, and you can bake your puff paste in any sized or shaped tins you wish.

I always bake my shells empty, and if I expect company I bake them the day before. Then I have the filling hot, just ready to fill them with a few minutes before they are served. If the mixture is poured in and they stand, they are liable to fall to pieces and do not look so attractive. The best way is to reserve the gravy in the gravy bowl, and serve after the patties are dished. You can take this same puff paste and use for chicken, oyster, meat, or any kind of pies, either baking and then filling, or baking with the mixture in. We prefer the paste baked and then filled, and it is a little nicer, perhaps, taken fresh from the oven and filled.

Custards are elegant baked in this paste. If a lady has the patience to once succeed in making this paste, she will never use the common pie crust unless scarcity of butter or haste compels her to.

Common pie dough and French puff paste are not anything alike. In making pie crust I always use part butter, and when I can not find the butter, I let the pies go. Anyone who can make delicate, toothsome pie crust, light and flakey, need never want for something new and wonderful, for there are numberless dishes that can be formed from it, and each is different from the other. Still, I would not advise any one to make it an article of diet three times a day, as a neighbor of mine almost does. Bake puff paste in layers and spread lemon jelly, or strawberry, or any kind you have been fond of, between. In summer time I use strawberries and other fruits fresh, uncooked, sweetened with powdered sugar some time before using, and then spread between layers of puff paste from two to five layers high. For those who enjoy rich desert, whipped cream, sweetened and flavored and spread between is nice. Bananas sliced through the cream are liked by lovers of the fruit. I started out intending to give only the recipe for puff paste and patties, and I have taxed our kind editor's patience until she will possibly consign patties and all to the waste basket. If she does not, perhaps I will come again with some less complicated recipes for the young or inexperienced cook.—L. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WHAT I SAW ONE EVENING IN THE CITY.—Recently, having occasion to make an evening visit to a neighboring city, the writer was taken by one of its managers into the free library. The object lesson there taught me is of so striking a character that I must again impart it. We were ushered into a very large room, brilliant with electric lights. On one side were ranged large tables covered with pictorial papers of the highest type, in bound volumes or in single numbers. Among these were the London *Graphic*, the *Illustrated London News* and *Harper's Weekly*. Around these tables were chairs for twelve or fifteen boys at each table, and in these were fifty boys busily engaged in reading or in looking among the pictures. Beyond were tables for men, where were numbers of magazines. Across the room were tables for girls, and nearby were tables for women. Every class was well represented. At the extreme end of the room were alcoves for the ten thousand books in the library. Among these books the boys ranged at will, looking over them, taking down and examining them. A large number of boys were thus engaged. Struck with amazement, I inquired of the librarian how she dared to allow such liberty?

"Why," she replied, "they never seriously displace anything, and as for stealing or mutilation of books, such things are almost unknown here."

Presently I saw a boy bring a book for entry. Urged by my curiosity, I asked the manager to look at the book. It was a bound volume of the *Century*. Another boy came up. The manager again inquired. It was Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent." In the five minutes during which I stood there, five boys were thus stopped. One had the Iliad. I asked whose translation, but while the manager looked, the boy with becoming modesty, said, "Mr. Pope's, sir."

The next boy had volume one of Mr. Bancroft's History of the United States. The boy was as tall as myself. I spoke to him. "Do you work in the mill?" "Yes, sir," said he, "in the —— yarn mill." I thanked him, and passed on. The last boy came; he was a bright little fellow; he had an Oliver Optic. Time called me away, but I was filled with amazement. Never before had I seen such things.

As I passed out, I came across a small, very small boy, poring over a large dictionary. The book was nearly as large as the boy. He had a pencil and a cast away envelope, on the back of which he was busily engaged in writing. I couldn't resist the temptation to see what the little fellow was about. He said the "Japanese Village" was in the town, and had offered a prize for the largest number of words of a certain kind, and he was trying to get the largest number.

I have omitted to mention that the boy who had taken Mr. Pope's translation of the Iliad, had taken another book. It was the eleventh volume of the "Modern Standard Drama," and has in it: "Julius Cæsar," "The Drunkard," "Rob Roy," "George Barnwell," and the "Vicar of Wakefield." Will you have the goodness to observe concerning these boys that they were not selected specimens? They were just as they came. I excepted none before, nor rejected any at the end, nor omitted any intermixed. I took all while I stood there. To me, all of this was an astounding occurrence; to Mrs. S., the librarian, and to Mr. B., the director, who introduced me, it was a matter of no surprise. They had become used to it; it had lost to them its extraordinary character, but to me it grew greater and greater as I passed out into the street, reflecting upon the violent contrast in the condition of things here as I had partially known them. Mr. B. had given much attention to the pernicious character of much of the literature for boys which lumbers the counters of news companies. He had shown to me some of the captures he had made. The boys came into the reading room with loaded pockets. He asked them to surrender. They did so. He told them of a better way, and opened the door, and there stood an accomplished woman to take them by the hand and lead them to better things.

All this may be, to you commonplace, my reader; it is tame in the telling; but there is real greatness in the undertaking. The whole currents of numbers of lives are completely changed. Is it a small thing to induce a boy, who revels in the company of "Dick Turpin" and "Sixteen String Jack," to abandon them for "Julius Cæsar" and the "Iliad?" To turn a boy from the companionship of the "Bandit of the Ocean," or the "Female Privateer," and send him "Through the Dark Continent," with Mr. Stanley? From the "Bleeding Phantom, or Wild in Fetters," to Mr. Bancroft's "History of the United States?" from the "Blue Skin" and the "Black Bess" series to "Oliver Optics?" Another most encouraging indication, which I wish here to reinforce is that the books named were of the boys' own selection, nobody had interfered; they roamed at will and took that which they liked. That wise policy which this town has pursued in its liberal expenditures in the promotion of all enterprise, is now being felt in the rapid material developments seen on every hand; and it needs no prophet to predict that the men now so active in these things will find their successors in these free library proteges. No town can find a better use for its money than in a free library.—E. DEANE.

GIVING TO THE POOR.—An incident occurred to-day that set me to thinking. Going into the house of a friend, I found her with a pile of half-worn clothes before her, cutting off all the buttons. "What are you going to do with these garments?" "Oh, I am going to give them to my washerwoman who has a houseful of children." She then proceeded to do them up in a large bundle. "But are you not going to sew some buttons on them?" said I. "Of course not. She can do that," was the reply, and visions of garments, half-pinned together, came before my eyes. To me it seemed a poor kind of charity, to give things in such a condition. All my life I have made a practice to give to the poor as much as possible and have never yet been guilty of giving unmended or buttonless garments, for generally the ones they are given to, have very little time to mend or sew on buttons, and many times have none of the latter to sew on. If one wishes to keep the buttons on a dress, rip them off, but replace them with others. Also sew up rips and mend them or worn places. It will take but a moment, and it may teach some poor child to be neat.

Don't rip off the pretty bows, because it is only a poor child who is to wear it. Remember the poor like pretty things as well as the rich.

A friend who had some leisure time, purchased a full set of patterns for a four-year old child. She then hunted up scraps of muslin and canton flannel and made three each of skirts, drawers, shirts and nightdresses. To be sure they were pieced in many places, but were none the worse for that. The seams were pressed flat and caught down. The garments were trimmed with scraps of embroidery left from garments, and where these run out she can stitch the letters with red cotton. Six little aprons were made out of the backs of old gingham and calico dresses, and two little wool dresses were made out of scarfs as it were. Sleeves, yokes and ruffle were made of one color and the body of another. A little coat was made of a pair of grey pants and trimmed with some old fur trimmings. A hood and mittens were crocheted out of the yarn raveled out of an old fasinator and dyed wine color. The hood being trimmed with cream and red ribbon bows.

Stockings, six pairs, were made out of her old ones. The skirts and nightdresses were made of muslin and the shirts and drawers of canton flannel. The skirts were also made of navy blue flannel and the shoes. Also two eating bibs made of white oilcloth.

It took several months to make the outfit, as it was done at odd times. When done, which was just before Christmas, she started out to hunt up a weaver (which did not take long in a big city). She found a poor widow with three boys and one girl, the latter being just right to wear the clothes, and to her they were sent Christmas Eve. There are hundreds of people like Mrs. L., who could do as she did. They could clothe some poor little child out of odds and ends that would otherwise be wasted, and who shall say that they will not be rewarded by Him, who said "Suffer little children to come unto me." Girls, it will give you greater pleasure to spend a little time upon the needy, than to spend it all in reading or doing fancy work. Why not get up clubs and see what you can do in this way to help the poor next winter? Do it, and then let us know if you do not think it pays to be charitable.—MONTANA MAY.

The editor desires to give her most hearty approval to the advice given by our correspondent. It is not true charity that always gives things which are so out of repair that they cannot be worn until weary hands, that are already over-full, put them in order. Make them decent and wearable before giving them away.—ED.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one tell me how to make a "housewife" for a gentleman to carry in a satchel that will hold thread, buttons, scissors, etc? Also some nice plays for an evening party of quite young folks, from 12 to 15?—MRS. A. J. A., Ft. Collins, Colo.

Will Montana May, or some other member of THE HOUSEHOLD, please tell me how to make chocolate creams look glossy, as they do in the stores? Many thanks to Montana May for her candy recipes.—READER.

Will some one please tell me what they know about artificial house plants, and about the material used?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some of the girl readers of THE BLADE be kind enough to send me pieces of oiled calico five inches square (red, yellow or green) with their names and addresses worked (in any stitch that they may desire). I wish to make a quilt with as many names on it as I can get of THE BLADE readers. I am 19 years of age, and wish to correspond with other girls of about the same age.—Address MISS LENORA A. HANES, Central Station, Doddridge Co., W. Va.

Can anyone tell me what color I can color a brown, all-wool cashmere dress that has faded by the sun, if it can be colored any other shade but black?—MALVINA.

I have a few Sunday school papers the school children are saving to send to some mission or Sunday school that is not able to furnish their own. All letters addressed to me on that subject will be answered. Please state size of school, etc.—BOX 4. Guffy, McKean county, Pa.

Would any of the readers of THE BLADE tell me what they know of the Moravian school on Lake Geneva, Switzerland, kept in an old castle of Napoleon I.?—C. HUMPHREYS, Lane's Mills, Jefferson county, Pa.

Will some of the good cooks tell me how to cook egg plant? Also cauliflower? Does vegetable oyster or salsify have to be frozen in the ground before it is fit for use?—A KANSAS WOMAN.

Will you please tell the sisters to be patient, I am working and sending out patterns as fast as possible. When the letters came I was deep in the mysteries of rag carpet-making, hence my delay. Those that sent postal cards will understand why they don't get their patterns, as I can't work patters and pay postage.—MRS. S. WOODMAN, Marshfield, Wood county, Wis.

Wou'd some one explain, in a very simple way, outlining and etching upon wash fabrics? And also how to prepare diamond dyes for painting?—L. A. S.

Will some one in THE HOUSEHOLD send me directions for making beer as our grandmothers made it?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Am a constant reader of THE BLADE, and and for two years have been numbered with the "shut ins." Will some of the many readers of our valuable paper please to send pieces for crazy quilt to one who will appreciate them?—E. SCOTT, Weskau, Wallace Co., Kas.

Would some one write more about china painting?—L. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Newcomer," to cast off, in knitting, is the same as to slip and bind. You knit ten stitches plain, then with the left hand needle take up the first stitch knit, and slip it over the second stitch; knit another stitch, and in the same way slip the second stitch knit over the third or last one knit.—MONTANA MAY.

"Fanny," Ottumwa, Iowa, if your letter has not been answered the probabilities are it was not received. If you enclosed a stamp, some reply would have been sent, but in the multitude of letters received, it would be impossible to remember each one.—ED.

If "Black Eyes" will look in THE BLADE of August 30, 1888, she will find directions for spider-work lace that she was inquiring about. Will some one living in California, near where pampas grass grows, please correspond with—MISS A. J. ENGLAND, Malta Bend, Mo.?

I like "Montana May's" manner of washing dishes very much, but would like to add one item: When you are ready to begin take all the dishes or pans that have anything stuck on them, and wet them in your dish water and turn them upside down on the table or sink, and let them be till the last, when you will find them soaked as well as if you had filled them with water.—MRS. A. J. A., Fort Collins, Col.

Tell "Brownie" that a few lessons on ribbon work and arrasene from a teacher who could show, instead of telling, would help her more than an entire volume on the subject. If she is handy with a needle, and has an eye for the blending of colors, a little instruction is all that would be necessary for the common branches, and she would be sure that what she did was correct. Novelties in embroidery come in every year, and are easily taken up if one understands the rudiments. I know whereof I speak, for I have been a teacher of the art for the past four years.—NELLIE.

My message to "May" in THE BLADE recently, in regard to instructing beginners in music, has brought me numerous letters from all parts of the union. In fact I have, and still continue to receive so many that it would be impossible for me to reply to all as much as I would like to do so. With the editor's permission, I will at some future time send a to the HOUSEHOLD for publication for the benefit of all.—A. F. BREWER, Buckland, Prince William co., Va.

"Blushing," Kansas City, we find no such town in California as you mention. Better go to a railroad office and inquire about the matter.—ED.

Another lotion especially good for whitenining the hands, but in my case too strong for the face unless diluted, is as follows: Soak a cupful of wheat bran of for 24 hours in white wine vinegar. Strain and add 1 oz. glycerine, the beaten yolks of 4 eggs and a tablespoonful of rose water. Let it stand well corked and unused for 20 days. To use, wash in warm water and apply with a fine sponge. Let it stay in all night or a few hours, and wash in tepid water.—MONTANA MAY.

Bertie Lee, California, sends thanks to the HOUSEHOLD for books and papers sent by its members.

"Nellie," we cannot give you the address of Emily C. Sassman.

Tolstoi is pronounced somewhat as if spelled, Tol-stwa.

With a good book to teach you the rudiments of drawing, if you have a taste that way, you could learn to do very good work without a teacher. Write about book to Art Interchange, New York city.

EASTER PARTY.

It has become quite fashionable at the East to give either a luncheon to a few friends during the day or a card party in the evening during Easter. If the latter is chosen, the supper is usually served after the playing is over, and not in courses, but everything should be placed upon the table at once, except the ices. The table should be trimmed handsomely, and in a way to suggest Easter. Upon the white tablecloth two strips of silk either yellow or pink should be placed in the form of a cross. Upon the center put a rustic basket, gilded, and then fill it with Easter lilies. Use as many of these lilies in the room for decoration as possible. Have your ices made in egg shape, laid in little nests of spun glass, which you will have no difficulty in getting in cities. If you have a progressive euchre party, your prizes must also suggest Easter. Some further suggestions about Easter entertainments will be given next week.

RECIPES.

MORE ABOUT THE MANAGEMENT OF MILK.—When cows eat weeds and mushrooms, the best way that I have found to eradicate the taste is to let the weeds be scalded in all and the a thin cloth over same; let it set out all night in open night air; keep it as cool as possible until the animal heat is out. Do any of you know of a better way? If so, please inform of the same. If the milk is much wheyed I put a small ½ teaspoonful of soda to the gallon when I go to churn and, dear sisters, instead of churning for hours as I used to, to get the butter gathered, I take the lid off, wash the edges down with cold water and strike a few sharp licks, letting dasher down at side of churn which make milk and butter separate and causes the butter to gather nicely, as well as increase of the bulk; you must not let the dasher above the milk or it will sprinkle. I have gathered my butter in this way over 12 months, find it saves the weary arms and shoulders of much fatigue. I am anxious for a ventilated lid; think it would save at least ½ if not ½ of the hard labor during the process of churning. Those who use a turning dasher can bore a small hole in staff; putting a large feather in same will keep the flies away while churning.—MRS. JOHN L. EVES.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Take 1 quart of mashed potatoes and add ½ cupful of butter, 2 eggs and 1 cupful of cracker crumbs; form into balls and dip into beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs and fry brown.

COCOANUT WHITE LAYER CAKE.—1 cupful butter; 2 cupfuls sugar, beaten to a cream; 1 cupful sweet milk; whites of six eggs; 1 cupful corn starch; 2 cupfuls flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder; 1 teaspoonful lemon; whites of 2 eggs and white powdered sugar for frosting. Spread between each layer. Sprinkle with cocoanut.—MRS. L. OBERY, Chestnut, Ill.

CHOCOLATE MARBLE CAKE.—If MRS. R. M. Walters will make a white cake and put part of it into a cup and add to it one tablespoonful of grated chocolate, or more, if she wishes, with that in the cup, and mix and drop alternately into the white, she will have a chocolate marble cake.—MRS. L.

ABOUT STARCH.—In making the final, or cold starch as our mothers would call it, use quite warm water instead of cold to dissolve the starch, then take common bar soap and stir in till the starch water is quite sudsy. Dip shirt bosoms, collars and cuffs, wring dry and let them lay half an hour or so. They iron smooth and glossy, with no sticking of flatiron. Will some one who is bothered with starch sticking, etc., try, and report?—MRS. ED. IVENS, Chicago.

OIL OF TAR FOR BURNS.—Did any of the sisters ever try using oil of tar for burns? I have used it for bad burns for about ten years, and find that if the burn is kept thoroughly moistened with it all the time, that it will heal without leaving a scar. I wish to correspond with other girls of about the same age.—Address MISS LENORA A. HANES, Central Station, Doddridge Co., W. Va.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.	GRASS LAKE, MICH.
Orlando S Batley	Edgar W Holden
LEROY, ILL.	ORANGE CITY, FLA.
Manda Dawson	Jerome C Wilsie
Claude Dawson	EUREKA, NEV.
FAIRMONT, MINN.	Edith Farlinger
Una Bullard	Charles Farlinger
Seldon Bullard	M Farlinger
George W Bullard	Annie Lockman
ELYENA, MO.	Frank Lockman
Lee H Norris	Emma Olson
Morgan W Norris	May McEwen
Frank Baldwin	Rose Kind
Willie Baldwin	Ethel Cutts
DEXTER, IOWA.	Charles Wittinberg
Emma Smith	Lillie Widikind
Ida Smith	Harry Baker
Bennie Smith	Ray Baker
Mabel Cook	Lillie Edgecomb
Lennie Cook	Nellie Reed
Lawrence Hibbs	Rose McEwen
Emma Mendenhall	Ellen Jones
NESHANNOCK FALLS, PA.	Ollie Phelps
Frank M Hartman	Ferness Phelps
Gail Swogger	Maggie Germen
Myrta Swogger	Gertie Loverthal
Daisy B Swogger	Merrille Fletcher
Vida V Hartman	Granville Fletcher
Rosena M Layton	AUBURNDALE, O.
James B Layton	Lulu May Shoemaker
Ellie Shaw	Elva Belle Shoemaker
Clinton M Parshall	Vassar L Shoemaker
Sadie A Boyd	Edith Amelia Stebbins
Lillian Anderson	Claude James Loomis
Bessie Bryan	Clara Belle Boroughf
Irene Wismer	John Motter, jr.
Nellie W Wilson	Nellie May Hodgkins
Lizzie Wismer	Nina Belle Fauver
Linzey T Hutchison	Martha Edith Churchill
Mattie Anderson	Sarone Luey Peabody
Mary J Hall	Eunice Nancy Tyrrell
Ellie J Hall	Mary Bryant
Watt McWilliams	Grace Smith
Bert Anderson	

Names this week, 77. Total 26,013.

The above embraces all names received up to March 21.

WHICH IS ME?

MRS. M. P. BUTTS.

One of these is I
And one is she;
Can anybody tell
Which is me?

Think about it fast
If you please;
We hate to wear such tangly
Things as these.

Just twin babies—can you guess
How it feels

To have long fussy skirts
Round our heels?

All the aunties and mammas
Dress this way;
And the mis-er-n-ble peoples
Who don't play.

Aunty Grace dressed us up
For a show;
She says it is the style
To look so.

One of these is I
And one is she;
Can anybody tell
Which is me?

—*Wide Awake*

A HOME-MADE "ZOO."

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

N a cold winter evening I once overheard the conversation of two London newsboys who were watching the antics of a "happy family," as a street showman called his collection of live animals. The cage, not much larger than a barrel-organ, was warmed by a sort of charcoal stove resembling the "peanut roasters" of our New York hucksters, and contained a couple of kittens, a fur-clad little monkey, a young badger, two pupples, several guinea-pigs, an assortment of speckled rats, and two pet lizhueumons that kept the whole family astir with their restless zigzag rushes.

"Hi, Dandy," said one of the boys, poking the ribs of his younger companion, "wouldn't ye give forty new shillings if ye owned that cage?"

Dandy sighed. "I couldn't find half that money," said he, with a lingering glance at the pets; "but I'd give my right hand if I owned that box and could watch those critters a-playing every day."

An American country boy might enjoy such privileges at a much cheaper price. Our woods abound with hardy little creatures that would have no use for a peanut roaster, and their boarding-house could be constructed from the boards of an old dry goods box. My boy Willie started a "Zoo" of his own three years ago, and estimating the value of a boy's circus ticket at ten cents a day, he claims that his pets have given him more than a hundred dollars' worth of fun, but the direct expenses of their menagerie never amounted to a hundred cents. A few years ago we had just packed our satchels for a return trip from a three weeks' outing, when a Tennessee mountaineer offered to sell us a nestful of fox-squirrels for five cents apiece, and a nickel extra for a handy little cage he had whittled out of sticks and split pine shingles. There was no resisting that offer, and after we got home Willie at once went to work to accommodate his pets with a roomier lodging. With an armful of old boards and a few nails he soon fitted them up a comfortable little tenement, partitioned into play-rooms and bed rooms, and first thought of lighting their top story with a few panes of thick window-glass; but after several experiments we found it a better plan to face the whole front with a sort of close wire screen that can be bought at six cents a square foot.

That arrangement provided for light as well as ventilation, and besides gave our little boarders a good chance for exercise, for they were not long in ascertaining the fact that the loops of the wire screen could be used like a staircase in clambering from their bedroom into the attic and down again. They always slept in the hay nest, and lined it with handfuls of wool and cotton, but had a foolish habit of filling their bed with all sorts of provisions—crackers, nuts, and half-eaten apples—till Willie bethought himself of a way to teach them a better method of house-keeping. After removing every straw and rag of their bed he put a small tin box full of nuts into the opposite corner, and at the same time treated them to a liberal breakfast of sweet crackers—six ounces more than their usual allowance. They could not eat half of that, and soon scampered up and down the cage to find a depository for the scraps of their banquet. But every room of their boarding-house had been cleaned out on purpose, and the moment they discovered that nut box they seemed to recognize its fitness for a savings-bank, and soon filled it to the top with broken crackers. While they were busy playing around the attic of their cabin Willie watched his chance to half empty their bank to make room for future deposits, and then gave another big lunch. This time they carried their scraps straight to their storehouse. Necessity soon confirmed their habit, and they never afterward muddled their nest with a crumb of food.

Before the end of the summer our little boarders got a couple of new playmates—two flying squirrels that Willie had caught in a hollow tree, where they had stored up a lot of acorns for winter use. They were hardly half grown, but at once tried their sharp little teeth on the wire screen of their prison, and then at the tin door, evidently resolved to break jail at the first opportunity. In spite of their owl eyes they turned out for breakfast with the other boarders, and by their nimbleness secured the best tidbits; but, a few moments after, a hubbub of shrill squeaks announced the outbreak of a domestic squabble. Their flying springs gave the newcomers a temporary advantage, but in a rough and-tumble fight they had no chance against the stout teeth of their red-haired kinsmen, and soon had to seek safety in flight. Round and round the cage they dashed with the agility of lizards, hotly pursued by a male fox-squirrel that seemed to champion the rights of his tribe, and might have turned the sport into grim earnest if Willie had not rescued the little owl-rats in the nick of time. How they ever came to offend the red champion seemed a mystery, for the quantity of the breakfast was more than enough to give them all a fair share; but in the course of their restless gambols the little gray-coats might have approached the tin box and alarmed Capt. Redjacket about the safety of his provision store.

"They will grow nearly twice as big," said one of Willie's playmates, "but so will the foxies; so you had better keep those little chaps safe if you don't want to get their heads bitten off some fine morning. Suppose you kill that old biting fox, or put the gray kids in a separate cage?"

But Willie had a better plan of his own. With a bit of wire and a couple of stout tacks, he managed to tighten the entrance to one of the attic partitions, leaving just enough room for the owlies to squeeze through, and relying on their nimbleness to get a good start of their big enemies. That simple contrivance settled the difficulty. In the course of the next night the little owl eyes discovered that loop-hole, and at once made a dash for it whenever the lower rooms were getting too hot for them. In their little garret fort they could defy the wrath of their pursuers, and actually seemed to take a delight in picking a quarrel for the purpose of starting a race and then save themselves by a sudden retreat through the gate of their citadel.

The old he fox gradually got so fierce that he could scatter his playmates at the first charge, but found his match when Willie one morning caught a brown weasel that rushed around our rat-trap like a wild-cat in a bear-pit. The moment he got in the zoo cage he made a dash for the squirrel nest, and curled himself up with a snarl resembling the whir of a grindstone, but after a while poked out his head to study the architecture of his new quarters. But something or other about the top of the wire screen seemed to attract his special attention, and presently he slipped out and nosing about like a little ferret, made his way up to the edge of the ceiling, where he spent several minutes in a persistent attempt to squeeze his head through a wrinkle in a corner of the screen. The stout tacks, however, refused to yield, and seeing his mistake, Master Brownie slipped down and began to make himself at home. After taking a good drink at the water-trough he picked up a crumb of cheese and kept nosing about the floor till he excited the suspicions of Capt. Rowdy, as the boys called the quarrelsome old fox-squirrel. Something or other about the prompt, rapid movements of the weasel seemed to make old Rowdy more careful than usual; but he kept at the heels of the new-comer, and every now and then sprang forward with a chattering bark, as if to express his displeasure at the liberties the stranger was taking with the household goods of his landlord. The weasel paid no attention to these insults till it reached the west corner, where it turned and faced its pursuer with chattering teeth and a jerky movement of its short tail—a plain warning to retreat in time to avoid a declaration of war. Capt. Rowdy failed to take the hint, and in the next minute the weasel had him by the throat, biting away with a fierceness and rapidity that decided the fight at the very onset, for the captain at once turned tail and ran away.

From that moment, little Bobtail became a privileged member of the community, and soon proved that he had a talent for fun as well as for fight. After a good meal of milk and bread he would dash up the wire screen and down again with bewildering rapidity, and whenever his next neighbors showed any inclination for a romp he would accommodate them by grabbing the wildest and rolling him over and over on the sawdust, pushing, wrestling, and tumbling, but all the while taking good care to avoid the use of his teeth. Nothing, though, seemed to please him better than a chance to hide in the nest or behind the tin box, and then by a sudden dash scare some passer-by out of its wits. One of the young owl-squirrels was his favorite butt for such tricks, and his joy was complete when Willie got a birthday present of two young guinea-pigs. The absurd little squeaks of cupid he scared into a racing fit by a mere rustle of the hay, and, after dashing around the cage like a pair of blind chickens, would often huddle together in a corner and bewail their affliction in gurgling squeaks.

All sorts of new guests have since been added to the population of Willie's "Zoo," but the weasel has held its own against all comers, and the genus have equally well maintained their reputation for cowardice. Even a young speckled rat, not one tenth their weight, can scare them into headlong flight, and a pet opossum has a trick of darting forward with a hissing snap that once actually scared the female guinea into convulsions. Our possum is not a bit f

Talmage's Sermon.

SOME KNOTS IN THE BIBLE.

Dr. Talmage on the Age of the World—Joshua's Command to the Sun and Moon—The Whale Swallowing Jonah.

BROOKLYN, March 24.—Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., this morning took as the subject of his sermon "Tough Things in the Bible," and his text, II Peter iii, 16: "In which are some things hard to be understood." Dr. Talmage said:

The Bible is the most common sense book in all the world. But there are many things in it which require explanation. It all depends on the mood in which you come to this grand old book. You may take hold of the handle of the sword or its sharp edge. You may employ on its mysteries the rule of multiplication or subtraction. There are things, as my text suggests, hard to be understood, but I shall solve some of them, hoping to leave upon the honest minded people the impression that if four or five of them can be explained perhaps they may all be explained.

Hard thing the first. The Bible says the world was created in six days, while geology says it was hundreds of thousands of years in process of building. "In the beginning, God created the heaven and earth." "In the beginning." There you can roll in ten million years, if you want to. "There is no particular date given—no contest between science and revelation. Though the world may have been in process of creation for millions of years, suddenly and quickly, and in one week, it may have been fitted up for man's residence. Just as a great mansion may have been many years in building, and yet in one week it may be curtained and chandeliered and cushioned and upholstered for a bride and groom.

You are not compelled to believe that the world was made in our six days. It may not have been a day of twenty-four hours, the day spoken of in the first chapter; it may have been God's day, and a thousand years with him are as one day. "And the evening and morning were the first day"—God's day. "And the evening and the morning were the second day"—God's day. "And the evening and the morning were the sixth day"—God's day. You and I living in the seventh day, the Sabbath of the world, the day of gospel redemption, the grandest day of all the week in which each day may have been made up of thousands of years. Can you tell me how a man can get his mind and soul into such a blasphemous twist as to scoff at that first chapter of Genesis, its verses billows of light surging up from sapphire seas of glory!

The Bible represents that light was created on Monday, and the sun was not erected until Thursday. Just think of it! a book declaring that light was created three days before the sun shown! Why, don't you know that heat and electricity emit light independent of the sun? Beside that, when the earth was in process of condensation, it was surrounded by thick vapors and the discharge of many volcanoes in the primary period, and all this obscuration would have hindered the light of the sun from falling on the earth until that Thursday morning. Beside that, David Brewster and Herschel, the astronomer, and all the modern men of their class agree in the fact that the sun is not light, that it is an opaque mass, that it is only the candlestick that holds the light, a phosphorescent atmosphere that is undergoing burning and changing, so it is not at all to be wondered at that not until that Thursday morning its light fell on the earth. Besides that, the rocks in crystalization emit light. There is light from a thousand surfaces, the alkalies, for instance. The metallic bases emit light. There was a time in the history of the world when there were thousands of miles of the phosphorescent earth light. Besides that, it has been found that there are burned out volcanoes in other worlds which, when they were in explosion and activity, must have cast forth an insufferable light, throwing a glare all over our earth.

Another hard thing: The story of the deluge and Noah's ark. They say from the second Thursday it must have rained 800 feet of water each day in order that it might be fifteen cubits above the hills. They say that the ark could not have been large enough to contain "two of every sort," for there would have been hundreds of thousands and hundreds of thousands of creatures. They say that these creatures would have come from all lands and zones. They say there was only room for one pair in the ark, and that would not have given fresh air to keep the animals inside the ark from suffocation. They say that the ark finally landed on a mountain 17,000 feet high. They say they do believe the story. Neither do I. There is no such story in the Bible. I will tell you what the Bible story is, I must say that I have changed my mind in regard to some matters which once were to me very mysterious. They are no more mysterious. This is the key to the facts. This is the story of an eye witness, Noah, his story incorporated afterward by Moses in the account. Noah described the scene just as it appeared to him. He saw the flood and he fathomed its depths. As far as eye could reach everything was covered up for, as it says, "under the whole heaven." He did not refer to the Sierra Nevadas, or to Mount Washington, for America had not been discovered, or if it had been discovered, he could not have seen so far off. He is giving the testimony of an eye witness. God speaks after the manner of men when he says everything went under, and Noah speaks after the manner of men when he says every thing did go under. An eye witness. There is no need of thinking that the kangaroo leaped the ocean or that the polar bear came down from the ice.

Why did the deluge come? It came for the purpose of destroying the outrageous hilltops of a thickly populated earth, nearly all the population probably very near the ark before it was launched. What would have been the use of submerging North and South America, or Europe, or Africa, when they were not inhabited? And as to the skeptical suggestion that in order to have the water as deep as the Bible states, it must have rained 800 feet every day, I reply, the Bible distinctly declares that the most of the flood was the result of falling. Before the account where it says "the windows of heaven were opened," it says, "all the fountains of the great deep were broken up." All geologists agree in saying that there are caverns in the earth filled with water, and they rushed forth, and all the lakes and rivers forsook their bed. The fountains of the great deep were broken up, and then the windows of heaven were opened. Is it a strange thing that we should be asked to believe in this flood of the Bible, when geologists tell us that again and again and again the dry earth has been drowned out? Just open your geology and you will read of twenty floods. Is it not strange that infidel scientists wanting us to believe in the twenty floods of geological discovery should, as soon as we believe in the one flood of the Bible, pronounce us *non compos mentis!*

Well, then, another thing in regard to the size of the ark. Instead of being a mud scow, as some of these skeptics would have us understand, it was a magnificent ship nearly as large as our Great Eastern, three times the size of an ordinary man-of-war. At the time in the world when ship building was unknown, God had this vessel constructed, which for tonnage would be almost in the same proportions as our staunchest vessels. After thousands of years of experimenting in naval architecture and in ship carpentery, we have at last got up to Noah's ark, that ship leading all the fleets of the world on all the oceans. Well, Noah saw the animal creation going into this ark. He gave the account of an eye witness. They were the animals from the region where he lived; for the most part they were animals useful to man, and if noxious insects or poisonous reptiles went in it was only to discipline the patience and to keep alert the generations after the flood. He saw them going in. There were a great number of them, and he gives the account of an eye witness. They went in two and two of all flesh.

"But how could you get them into the ark?" ask infidel scientists. "How could they be induced to go into the ark? He would have to pick them out and drive them in and coax them in." Could not the same God who gave instinct to the animal inspire that instinct to seek for shelter from the storm? However, nothing more than ordinary animal instinct was necessary. Have you never been in the country when an August thunder storm was coming up, and heard the cattle moan at the bars to get in, and see the affrightened fowl go upon the perch at noonday, and heard the affrighted dog and cat calling at the door, supplicating entrance? And are you surprised that in that age of the world, when there were fewer places of shelter for dumb beasts, at the muttering and rumbling and flashing and quaking and darkening of an approaching deluge, the animal creation came moaning and bleating to the sloping embankment reaching up to the ancient Great Eastern, and passed in? I have owned horses and cattle and sheep and dogs, but I never had a horse or a cow or a sheep or a dog that was so stupid it did not know enough to come in when it rained. And then that one window in the ark, which afforded such poor ventilation to the creatures there assembled—that small window in the ark which excites so much mirthfulness on the part of infidels. If they knew as much Hebrew as you could put on your little finger nail they would have known that the word, translated window there, means window course, a whole range of lights. Those ignorant infidels do not know a window pane from twenty windows. So, if there is any criticism of the ark, there seems to be too much window for such a long storm. And as to the other charge that the windows of the ark must have been kept shut, and consequently all inside would have perished from suffocation, I have to say that there are people in this house to-day who, all the way from Liverpool to Barnegat lighthouse and for two weeks, were kept under deck, the hatches battened down because of the storm. Some of you, in the old time sailing vessels, were kept nearly a month with the hatches down because of one long storm.

Then infidels say that the ark landed on a mountain seventeen thousand feet high, and that, of course, as soon as the animals came forth they would all be frozen in the ice! That is geographical ignorance! Ararat is not merely the name for a mountain, but for a hilly district, and it may have been a hill one hundred feet high, or five hundred, or a thousand feet high on which the ark alighted. Noah measured the depth of the water above the hill, and it is fifteen cubits or twenty-seven feet.

Ah! my friends, this story of the ark is no more incredible than if you should say to me: "Last summer I was among the hills of New England and there came on the most terrific storm I ever saw, and the whole country was flooded. The waters came up over the hills, and to save our lives we got in a boat on the river, and even the dumb creatures were so affrighted they came meaning and bleating until we let them in to the same boat."

We are not dependent on the Bible for the story of the flood, entirely. All ages and all literatures have traditions, broken traditions, indistinct traditions, but still traditions. The old books of the Persians tell about the flood at the time of Ahriman, who so polluted the earth that it had to be washed by a great storm. The traditions of the Chaldeans say that in the time when Xisuthrus was king there was a great flood, and he put his family and his friends in a large vessel and all outside of them were destroyed, and after a while the birds went forth and they came back and their claws were tinged with mud. Lucian and Ovid, celebrated writers, who had never seen the Bible, described a flood in the time of Deucalion. He took his friends in a boat, and the animals came running to him in pairs. So all lands, and all ages, and all literatures, seem to have a broken and indistinct tradition of a calamity which Moses, here incorporating Noah's account, so grandly, so beautifully, so accurately, so solemnly records.

Another hard thing to be understood: The story that the sun and moon stood still to allow Joshua to complete his victory. Infidel scientists declare that an impossibility. But if a man have brain and strength enough to make a clock, can he not start it and stop it, and start it again and stop again? If a machinist have strength and brain enough to make a corn thresher, can he not start it and stop it, and start it and stop it again? God have strength and wisdom to make the clock of the universe, the great machinery of the worlds, has he not strength enough and wisdom enough to start it and stop it, and start it again and stop again? Or stop one wheel, or stop twenty wheels, or stop all the wheels? Is the clock stronger than the clock maker? Does the corn thresher know more than the machinist? Is the universe mightier than its God? But people ask how could the moon have been seen to stop in the daytime? Well, if you have never seen the moon in the daytime, it is because you have not been a very diligent observer of the heavens. Beside that, it was not necessary for the world literally to stop. By unusual refraction of the sun's rays the day might have been prolonged. So that, while the earth continued on its path in the heavens, it figuratively stopped. You must remember that these Bible authors used the vernacular of their own day, just as you and I say the sun went down. The sun never goes down. We simply describe what appears to the human eye. Besides that, the world, our world, could have literally stopped without throwing the universe out of balance. Our world has two motions—the one around the sun and the other on its own axis. It might have stopped on its own axis, while at the same time it kept on its path through the heavens. So there was no need of stellar confusion because our world slackened its speed or entirely stopped in its revolution on its own axis. That is none of the business of Jupiter, or Mars, or Mercury, or Saturn, or the Dipper. Beside that, within the memory of man, there have been worlds that were born and that died. A few years ago astronomers telegraphed, through the Associated Press, to all the world—the astronomers from the city of Washington—that another world had been discovered. Within a comparatively short space of time astronomers tell us thirteen worlds have burned down. From their observatory they notice first that the worlds look like other worlds, then they became a deep red, showing they were on fire; then they became ashen, showing they were burned down; then they entirely disappeared, showing that even the mountains and seas burned away. If God can start a world, and swing a world, and destroy a world, he could stop one or two of them without a great deal of exertion, or he could by unusual refraction of the sun's rays continue the illumination. But infidel scientists say it would have been belittling for other worlds to stop on account of such a battle. Why, sirs, what Yorktown was for revolutionary times, and what Gettysburg was in our civil contest, and what Sedan was in the Franco German war, and what Waterloo was in the Napoleonic destiny—that was this battle of Joshua against the five allied armies of Gibeon. It was that battle that changed the entire course of history. It was a battle to Joshua as important as though a battle now should occur in which England and the United States and France and Germany and Italy and Turkey and Russia should fight for victory or annihilation. However much any other world, solar, lunar or stellar, might be hastened in its errand of light, it would be excusable if it lingered in the heavens for a little while and put down its sheaf of beams, and gazed on such an Armageddon

Then there is the Bible statement that a whale swallowed Jonah and ejected him upon the dry ground in three days. If you will go to the museum at Nantucket, Mass., you will find the skeleton of a whale large enough to swallow a man. I said to the janitor, while I was standing in the museum, "Why it does not seem from the looks of this skeleton that that story in the Book of Jonah is so very improbable, does it?" "Oh no," he replied, "it does not." There is a cavity in the mouth of the common whale large enough for a man to live in. There have been sharks found again and again with an entire human body in them. Besides that, the Bible says nothing about a whale. It says, "The Lord prepared a great fish;" and there are scientists who tell us that there were sea monsters in other days that make the modern whale seem very insignificant. I know in one place in the New Testament it speaks of the whale as appearing in the occurrence I have just mentioned, but the word may just as well be translated "sea monster"—any kind of a sea monster. Procopius says in the year 532 a sea monster was slain which had for fifty years destroyed ships. I suppose this sea monster that took care of Jonah may have been one of the great sea monsters that could have easily taken down a prophet, and he could have lived there three days if he had kept in motion so as to keep the gastric juices from taking hold of him and destroying him, and at the end of three days the monster would naturally be sick enough to regurgitate Jonah. Beside that, my friends, there is one word which explains the whole thing. It says: "The Lord prepared a great fish." If a ship carpenter prepare a vessel to carry Texan beeves to Glasgow, I suppose it can carry Texan beeves; if a ship carpenter prepare a vessel to carry coal to one of the northern ports, I suppose it can carry coal; if a ship carpenter prepare a vessel to carry passengers to Liverpool, I suppose it can carry passengers to Liverpool; and if the Lord prepared a fish to carry one passenger, I suppose it could carry a passenger and the ventilation have been all right.

So all the strange things in the Bible can be explained if you wish to have them explained. And you can build them into a beautiful and healthful fire for your hearth, or you can with them put your immortal interests into conflagration. But you had better decide about the veracity of the Bible very soon. I want this morning to caution you against putting off making up your mind about this book. Ever since 1772 there has been great discussion as to who was the author of Junius's Letters, those letters so full of sarcasm and vituperation and power. The whole English nation stirred up with it. More than a hundred volumes written to discuss that question, "Who was Junius?" "Who wrote the letters of Junius." Well, it is an interesting question to discuss, but still, after all, it makes but little practical difference to you and to me who Junius was, whether Sir Philip Francis, or Lord Chatham, or John Horne Tooke, or Horace Walpole, or Henry Grattan, or any one of the 44 men who were seriously charged with the authorship. But it is an absorbing question, it is a practical question, it is an overwhelming question to you and to me, the authorship of this holy Bible—whether the Lord God of heaven and earth, or a pack of dupes, scoundrels or impostors. We cannot afford to adjourn that question a week or a day or an hour any more than a sea captain can afford to say, "Well, this is a very dark night. I have really lost my bearings; there is a light out there, I don't know whether it is a lighthouse or a false light on the shore, I don't know what it is; but I'll just go to sleep, and in the morning I'll find out." In the morning the vessel might be on the rocks, and the beach strewn with the white faces of the dead crew. The time for that sea captain to find out about the lighthouse is before he goes to sleep. Oh, my friends, I want you to understand that in your deliberations about this Bible, we are not at calm anchorage, but we are rapidly coming toward the coast, coming with all the furnaces ablaze, coming at the rate of 70 heart throbs a minute, and I must know whether it is going to be harbor or shipwreck.

In this assemblage how many—a score shall I say, or a hundred, or a thousand?—not quite certain about the truth of the Bible, not certain about anything. Drifting, drifting, drifting. Oh, how I would like to tow them in. I throw you this cable. Lay hold of that cable of the Gospel. Lay hold of it. I invite you all in. The harbor is wide enough, large enough for all the shipping. Come in, O you wanderers on the deep. Drift no more, drift no more. Come into the harbor. See the glorious light-house of the Gospel. "Peace on earth, good will to men." Come into the harbor. God grant that it may be said of all of you who are now drifting in your unbelief, as it might have been said of the passengers of the steamship Edam, and as it was said centuries ago of the wrecked corn ship of Alexandria: "It came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Something Wrong With Fowls.

A. C. L., Winfield, Indiana: The trouble with your chickens that start and run for a few steps, then turn and run straight back, and jerk the head from one side to the other, is vertigo, superinduced by overfeeding. This is a not uncommon complaint among pure bred fowls, as people are too apt to kill them with kindness. As soon as you see a fowl acting strangely, dash cold water on its head. Then give a full teaspoonful of castor oil. After this has operated feed for two or three days with soft feed, made fairly doughy. This will get the system in good condition. Feed your fowls less. You give them too much. The feed you have been giving is all right. Do not give too much corn, as it is very heating. The fact that boils and swellings appear on your fowls, indicate that you still feed them too much, and do not give them sufficient green food. See that none of the feed is musty. When you reduce the quantity of feed the boils will disappear. For the one that has a boil back of its wing, cut the feathers closely, and after washing with warm soapsuds water, rub with iodine, ¼ dr.; lard, ½ oz. The one that has weak legs is troubled with rheumatism. This occurs from draughts of air in the fowls in the coop, dampness in the coop, or wet ground on the runs. When fowls have been inbred for a length of time, as pure bred fowls are sometimes to obtain feather and symmetry, they become weak and are very liable to rheumatism, roup, etc. The cocks should be changed about every two years. Always have an old vigorous cock to pullets, if possible. There is but little hope of a cure for a fowl so badly affected as yours. Sometimes a cure may result from feeding generously, rubbing the legs with soap liniment, which may be had at any drug store, or dipping the legs into warm mustard water and bandaging the legs with flannel. Also put a piece of sulphate of iron, half the size of a filbert, in a pint of fresh water, each day, stirring it well. Break up bones with a hatchet and give plentifully for a week or two. The bones may be burned considerably, and they will break readily. You should at once look into the ventilation. Shut up all the cracks. Better have no ventilation at all than to have a small crack open. The roosts should not be in the direct draught when the door of the coop is open. Top ventilation is dangerous to fowls. If you have clover hay cut some of it up fine and dampen it with water until it is soft, then feed it to your fowls. This will supply green food, and they will eat it eagerly. A little of this every day will be just the thing until the tender grass springs up.

Apoplexy in Fowls.

A. A. McK., Branch, Wis.: Your fowls that go around with their heads upward, as if in pain, lie down and roll on the ground, and then die, are afflicted with apoplexy. This is the result of overfeeding. Give each fowl a small tablespoonful of castor oil, and afterward for a few days feed soft feed, in which there is a little boiled rice. The soft feed should not be sloppy. Put the fowls on short rations for several days. It is better to underfeed fowls than to give them too much. There is an old saying, and a very trite one, that "if you want to cure apoplexy, starve the fowls," which means to feed moderately until the danger is over.

Puffs on the Knee of Horse.

J. McC., Avery, Iowa: For the puffs on the hock joints of your filly take of bin-iodide of mercury 1 part; neats-foot oil 7 parts. Mix well and apply to the parts every day by gentle friction until the skin is inflamed. Have the filly shaved with big-heeled shoes. After reducing the puffs with this remedy, wash the parts with warm soapsuds water. Put a piece of leather over the affected part and ever it wrap a bandage around the leg. The animal should have three weeks' rest.

Legs Swelled and Animal Died.

S. L., Spink county, Dak.: The colt you speak of was attacked, we think, with œdema. The swelling of the legs was but a symptom of kidney affection. It would have been of advantage to you hereafter had you made a post mortem examination. We think you would have discovered kidney trouble, and perhaps disease of the liver. The treatment should have been combined doses of sulphate of iron, pulverized gentian root, pulverized ginger, and nitrate of potash. By carefully watching the movement of the animal upon the legs swelled, we think you would have detected slight attacks of fever from time to time.

Splint Close Up to the Knee—Thoroughpin—Cough in Horse.

S. F. B., Central City, Iowa: For the splint on your mare's leg give a mild dose of physic, say 2½ drachms powdered aloes and 1 oz. bicarbonate of soda in a pint of warm water. After this has operated foment the leg until all fever is gone. Then apply this: Binoxide of mercury 1 drachm, lard 1 oz. Rub a bit the size of a hickory nut over the splint every night, after clipping the hair off. Keep rubbing in until there is a free watery discharge. If after a time the splint still bothers the animal, re-apply. If it is a recent case a sharp scraper may be inserted beneath the skin and the sheath of the bone, fully divided. Firing will kill a splint, but there is danger of blemish. For the thoroughpin on your horse, shoe him with a high-heeled shoe, and apply the following resolvent: Binoxide of mercury, 1 part; neat's foot oil, 7 parts. Mix well, and apply with gentle friction every day until the skin is inflamed. For the cough in your horse, give digitalis, 1 drachm; nitre, 2 drachms; powdered liquorice, 4 drachms. Mix with sufficient tar to form a ball, and give twice a day for five days. Then omit for a week, and repeat. Feed on easily digested food.

Lump on Inside of Filly's Jaw.

A Veterinary, Yiff City, Mo.: If the unnatural growth left on the inside of your filly's jaw after being kicked, does not show indications of enlargement, it will be well for you to let it alone. At the time the part was discharging pus was when precautionary measures should have been taken to prevent the flesh growing to the jaw. It may be that the jaw is injured and will swell and slough off decayed bone. Watch it carefully and if the swelling enlarges, write. An operation may be necessary to get at the decayed bone, and prevent disease of the healthy bone. If the growth has been made on a jaw not diseased, the lump may cause no serious trouble.

Swelled Foreleg in Mare.

G. F. A., Ashton, Michigan: A mare with foal, as yours is, should receive but little medicine. The swelling may be incident to the condition of the mare. We think if you will give half an ounce of saltpetre in her drinking water twice a day for three or four days, and administer a pint of raw linseed oil, she will be all right. Keep her bowels regular with bran mashes. If the above does not put the mare in good condition write us. Give gentle exercise.

Cultivation of the Castor-Oil Bean.

A. W. B., Yorktown, Indiana: The castor oil bean may be had by writing to some leading seedsman. As to cultivation, the following from the *Prairie Farmer* will give you the necessary information: As to yield, it will vary from 10 to 30 bushels per acre, according to quality of the soil. As high as 70 bushels per acre have been reported, but in the North this cannot be expected. The seed (Missouri light-colored bean) can be obtained of any seedsman in St. Louis. The price we do not know. The proper soil is a light sandy loam. In any event, it must be well-drained and fertile. In your latitude, 4½ feet would probably be a fair distance to plant, leaving a row wide enough for a horse and sled to pass, at proper intervals for gathering. Check off as you can, and plant 3 or 4 seeds in a place, to allow for cut-worms, and other insects, thinning out to one plant in a place when six inches high. Cultivate as for corn, keeping entirely free from weeds. Before the seeds begin to ripen, prepare a hard, dry, smooth yard in a sunny spot where the seeds may cure. For a field of 40 acres it would be better to prepare a drying-house. When the pods of the first ripening begin to crack, cut and carry to the curing place. Later the pods may be cut as soon as the first two or three crack open. Then the heat in the drying place will cause the beans to pop out, when, from time to time the pods may be raked off and the beans cleaned through a fanning-mill. When fully dry, so that there will be no danger of molding, they may be sacked and sent to market. St. Louis is one of the principal markets for the products of the Southwest.

Bunches on Colts' Heads.

S. B., Fargo, Kansas: Of what nature are the bunches on your colts' heads, between the eye and nostrils? Do they look like warts? Are they bunches on the skin, or are they swellings of the bones? Until the kind of swellings are known to us, it would be impossible to advise you intelligently as to what to do. If the bunches are bone swellings, the colts are in very bad condition to be cured. Write us again, explaining as correctly as you can how the bunches look. Place your hand on the face of each colt, and feel carefully whether there is an upheaval of the bone. If not, the bunches may be removed without great trouble or expense.

CORRESPONDENCE.

It Did the Work.

Almost every mail brings pleasing evidence from readers of THE BLADE of appreciation of the FARM department, for which we are greatly obliged. The following communication, while very complimentary, is so directly in the line of benefit to those who have horses similarly affected that we give it to the readers of THE BLADE FARM, feeling that it will do much good:

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—A year ago I wrote asking for a cure for a horse whose disease was, I suppose, nasal gleet. THE BLADE recommended: Powdered gentian, 1 oz.; nitre, 1 oz.; sulphate of copper, ½ oz.; this to be taken as one dose, and continued for a week, and repeat in a few days, if necessary. We followed the directions, and also use strong salt water as an injection into the nostril. He has completely recovered—the only horse, we are told, that ever did recover from that disease in this valley. I cannot tell you how much value a paper for me is now only valuable, but is a pet with our children, and we could not bear to think of killing him.—M. R. W., Covelo, Cal.

Wool Roller.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some one please give dimensions to make a wool roller or press, to roll and tie wool—single pieces?—G. H. T., Organ, New Mexico.

Planting Corn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I see the mode of planting corn discussed. I will give the readers my reason for listing corn. A lister is only fit for a loose soil, such as we have in the West. It should not be used where there is a hard sub-soil, as the roots cannot penetrate any distance into it, but in loose sub-soil the roots keep going deeper, and therefore gather moisture during a dry spell. Listed corn also has another advantage over other ways, and that is, we never disturb any of the roots, as we are constantly taking the dirt from the ridge and putting it around the small roots, and so when the land is plowed for the last time, we have a level field ready for the wheat drill in the fall.—C. CHRISTIAN, jr., Strickland, Neb.

Knocks for the First Time.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I knock for the first time at the FARM door to say something about listers and listing, as some of the correspondents say they know nothing about either. A lister is a plow. If you would take two stirring plows, one left and the other right-handed, put the bars together and secure them with bolts, you would have at least an imitation. The listed for the size mostly in use are four inches, though some use 12-inch plows. The 14-inch listers throw seven inches of dirt to the right and seven inches to the left, making a furrow 14 inches wide. There is usually a little shovel about four inches wide attached to the bar in the rear of the plow. That is called the subsoiler. This stirs the soil in the bottom of the furrow and make loose soil in which to plant the corn. The (one horse) drill then follows, which plants the corn from one to two grains in a place and 12, 14 or 16 inches apart, as the operator wishes. There are also combined listers and drills. The lister is attached to a sulky. The drill is run by a sprocket wheel attached to one of the sulky wheels, and a sprocket wheel to the drill. The sprockets are connected by an endless chain. This connection runs the drill attachment. I speak of those that I have handled. There may be others made on a different plan.

I have consulted, perhaps, a hundred farmers in northwestern Missouri on the question of listing for corn. They were about equally divided on the subject, though I think the most thoughtful and considerate farmers were in favor of listing. One of the most successful farmers told me that he raised the best crops of corn by listing, but that he never listed the same piece of land twice in succession, believing that the soil should be stirred once in two years. I think much depends on the climate and soil. Each farmer will be best convinced when he tries it thoroughly for himself. The best corn raised in our vicinity last year was listed.—W. H. REYNOLDS, Chardon, Nebraska.

Millet and How to Raise It—Raising Potatoes.

EDTOR BLADE FARM:—Mr. Stine's description of the lister is, to my mind, sufficient.

I will say something about millet—how to raise it and how to feed it. The soil should be well pulverized before sowing the seed; then sow and harrow it in with a light harrow; then run a float over it, and it will be almost sure to make a good crop. It is a great grower after it gets a good start, and will keep down and choke out any weed. If you wish millet to take the place of hay, straw, fodder, etc., you must harvest it before it matures—when a small per cent of the seed may be full-grown, but when the greater per cent is just beginning to form; let it cure well and then put it in mow, or stack it. This will take the place of rough feed for cattle, horses and calves. In this way you get no seed that will germinate. Now if you want your millet to mature, that is, all the seed perfect and ripe, you can store it just the same, but it must not be substituted for hay and the like, as it may injure your stock. Give your stock its corn, hay, etc., in smaller amounts of course; then give a little of this millet as a finish. Do not let anything that likes millet run to a stack of this matured millet. Millet, in this vicinity, is a good producer.

"Young Farmer," Victoria, Illinois, gives his method of planting potatos, and I have a few good reasons for approving his method: In the first place, the seed is not put on the ground too thick, that is, too closely. In the next place, the hills are worked, or cultivated, on four sides, and in the third place they are very apt to be put in deep enough. If this patch of potatoes is in the middle of a cornfield, and receives just the same cultivation as the corn does, if any potatos are harvested in the vicinity, you will be very apt to harvest a good share.

A neighbor farmer, who is a good worker, and, in most things, a good farmer, put a piece of ground in fine condition for potatos, the soil being worked deep and well pulverized. He drew the furrows with a stirring plow, making a good, deep bed for the seed. The piece was marked but one way. All right, to my mind, so far. Now he brings his potatoes to the patch, ready cut, for planting. He takes his basket, filled with nice pieces, sits or hunkers down, places one piece in a place, cut-side down, and about six to eight inches apart. The last half dozen words tell the cause of a complete failure. He harvested six bushels instead of 66.—ISAAC N. GREEN, Garnett, Kansas. [The suggestion of Mr. Green not to feed ripe millet as a substitute for hay is a timely one. Many cattle and horses have suffered from eating too much ripe millet. It causes hoven and indigestion.—ED.]

Pea-Nuts—Millet.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I would like to say to Hiawatha, Kansas, that millet straw when ripe is worthless for feed. I would rather have wheat straw. The seed is injurious to cattle or horses, as they will eat too much seed in proportion to the hay they eat. But if millet is cut just as the seed begins to form it makes the best of hay. I have fed it cut as above to my horses for several years with good results. Will some one that knows tell me all about the process of raising pea-nuts, and oblige?—N. H. MATHEWS, Campbellsville, N. C. [Yes, Mr. Mathews, much care should be used in feeding millet.—ED.]

The Crop Looks Well.

EDITOR BLADE FARM: We have a very pleasant time. Everything is very forward. Peach trees nearly in bloom. Oats mostly sown. Wheat looks excellent; none of it frozen out of the ground, and unless something yet happens we will have the heaviest crop of it we have had in a long time. But we are afraid that there may yet be heavy frosts to kill our fruit.—SAMUEL HAASS, Sealsville, Warrick Co., Indiana.

Listing.

EDITOR BLADE FARM: As listing is an important question, I will try to give those who do not understand the machine the principle upon which it works. Take a 10 or 12 inch plow, and throw up the ridges, same as for sweet potatoes, three feet eight inches apart; plant with one horse drill or planter, you will then have listed corn. There are a great many localities in which listing will not do. Where the land is cold and wet and the spring late. In this state we commence to plant the first of April and plant through May. However, anybody can plant a few acres the way I have tried to explain without going to any expense. If any one tries this plan where listing has not been practiced, let us hear from them next fall.—C. S. BONHAM, Plevna, Kansas.

FOR MALARIA

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. E. G. DAVIES, DeSmet, Dak., says: "I have used it in slow convalescence and prevention from malarial diseases, where the drinking water was bad; I believe it to be beneficial in preventing summer complaint; also one of the best agents we have to rectify the bad effects of the drinking water upon the kidneys and bowels."

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

TRADE REVIEW.

A Review of the Business of the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade of the 23d says: The signs of recovery in legitimate trade increase, and though in important branches the season has been exceptionally unfavorable, there is less dullness or depression than under the circumstances might have been expected. Prices settle downward steadily, the decline for the week, in the average for all commodities, having been about three-quarters of 1 per cent, which tries speculative holders, but facilitates distribution.

From three-quarters of the interior cities reporting there come signs of some improvement in trade, though it is now here great, but moderate and gradual. The outlook is generally thought favorable, and at New Orleans it is reported that planting is under good headway, while in Dakota and Minnesota, preparation for seeding is a full month ahead of last year. At Cleveland and some other points, business is considered better than last year's, and there is marked reaction at Pittsburg from the favorable tone of the past few weeks: iron is lower, coke in less demand, and complaints of the delay of spring trade are general.

At Philadelphia some improvement is seen in the boot and shoe and the wool trades, but dry goods are in ordinary condition, and collections are slow, as also at Milwaukee.

The government report as to wheat in farmers' hands has helped a decline of 2½c, from which there was a recovery of about 1¼c Thursday on the covering of shorts. Exports continue insignificant, and good prospects for the coming crop tend to weaken holders. Corn has declined 1½c in spite of large exports, while pork products and oats are substantially unchanged. Cotton receipts and exports both continue much beyond last year's and the price of raw cotton has yielded ⅝c.

No disturbance has occurred in the money market, and rates are ⅝@c lower, the treasury having paid out $2,600,000 more than it has taken in for the past week.

The business failures number 249, as compared with a total of 261 last week and 281 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 243.

THE COMING CROPS.

An Interesting Statement Concerning the Spring Seeding.

A Chicago paper printed on the 23d two columns of reports from correspondents in the Middle and Western states on the crop prospects. From these reports it appears there has yet been practically no seeding of spring wheat.

The ground in Dakota and Minnesota is in good condition for seeding as soon as it warms up, but there was so little snow during the winter that unless rains follow soon after seeding, there is great danger of the crop being injured.

Nebraska reports little rain so far. The farmers are seeding spring wheat, but the acreage is growing less every year, oats and corn taking its place. Dry weather still prevails throughout Iowa, and farmers are not sowing spring wheat to any great extent.

There seems to be an unusually large amount of corn back in farmers hands in Iowa, and, at present prices, it is not likely to come forward. In Central Illinois the acreage sown to oats is almost as great as that devoted to corn. The seeding season in Illinois is earlier than usual, but little has been done yet. The ground is very dry, and rains seem absolutely essential to the success of the seeding.

The general condition of the winter wheat crop up to this date is backward. The distribution of the rain fall has not been good. In Michigan, Northern Illinois, Indiana and Ohio the ground is dry. In the southwestern portion of the winter wheat belt there is plenty of moisture and the crop is growing fast and doing well. Reports from Michigan says they want good warm rains to start the wheat growing.

Stocks in farmers hands in that state are not more than one-half the usual amount.

Some of the mills are importing largely from other states and are now grinding.

Southern Ohio reports fine growing weather and that all the wheat now in the farmers hands will be needed for home consumption.

Southern Indiana reports warm and springlike weather. Northern Indiana, plenty of rain for the remainder of the month is needed badly. In Southern Illinois the wheat is in good growing condition and less good wheat in farmers' hands than for many years at this time.

Tennessee and Kentucky both report that the growing wheat crop was never better. The plants are starting off strong and healthy. Farmers' supplies have nearly all gone to market.

The condition of the wheat crop in California is changed for the better.

THE CEREALS.

The Consumption and Distribution of Wheat and Corn.

Out of a corn crop of 1,988,000,000 bushels, the largest ever grown, though not the largest in proportion to the population of the country, there has been consumed and distributed up to the 1st inst., or within about five months from the ripening of the crop, 1,201,000,000 bushels, or 60.4 per cent. of the whole. A comparison for the last eight years shows this to be a smaller per centage than has been consumed at the same date in any year except 1886, but owing to the magnitude of the crop this relatively low percentage constituted the largest absolute quantity ever consumed within the same five months.

The percentage remaining on hand on March 1 is always the largest in the South, notwithstanding the fact that the period since the ripening of the crop is longest in that section. This Mr. J. R. Dodge, statistician of the department of Agriculture, attributes to the comparatively small requirements for winter feeding, and to the fact that a larger proportion of the crop, being used for work animals, needs to be reserved for the period of spring plowing. The value of the crop on the basis of present average farm prices would be as follows: Merchantable corn, at 33.9 cents per bushel, $555,484,963; numerchantable corn, at 22.8 cents per bushel, $79,726,118; total value on basis of March prices, $635,211,035; total value on basis of December prices, $677,561,580.

Of the wheat crop of 1888, amounting in round numbers to 416,000,000 bushels, the quantity still in the hands of farmers is estimated at 26.9 per cent, or 111,766,530 bushels, out of which is to come the seed for the spring wheat area. A comparison covering the last eight years shows that the largest proportion ever on hand at the same date was 33 per cent on March 1, 1885, the preceding crop having been the largest ever grown in the country; and the only occasion when the proportion was materially lower than at present was on March 1, 1882, the amount then on hand being 25.6 per cent of the short crop of 1881.

FROSTED WHEAT.

The Elevators Will Supply Seed to the Farmers.

The use of frosted grain for seed in that district of Dakota where the grain was considerably damaged by frost last fall, and which includes nearly all of the whole of the territory north of the Northern Pacific, is causing a good deal of talk and not a little apprehension among grain dealers.

In the district spoken of some of the farmers had all their wheat frosted, and they have nothing but frosted grain on hand. They are not able to spend anything for good, sound seed. The crops of some were entire failures, and they are destitute, while others had a field here and there of good grain, and have saved wheat out of it for seed.

Though experiments have shown frosted wheat will grow, the grain firms which have elevators in the frosted districts and the railroads of that section are not willing to place all their hopes of a crop next fall on poor seed. A few days ago a meeting of railroad officials and railroad men was held and the roads asked the owners of elevators to furnish good seed to the farmers who could not afford to buy it.

In accordance with the request owners of elevators in the frosted section are sending out a contract to their agents in which they agree to furnish the necessary seed wheat, and the farmers agree, when the crop is harvested, to return to the elevators the price of the wheat and 10 per cent on the money.

THE MILLERS.

The Output From the Great Flour Center.

The Minneapolis *Northwestern Miller* says on the 21st: the mill water power averaged quite good again last week, though the flour output fell off a little. The aggregate production for the week was 93,780 barrels—averaging 15,630 barrels daily—against 97,620 barrels the week before, and 115,100 for the corresponding time in 1888. The decrease was traceable to several of the larger mills running a less number of days than usual. If the flour market were a little more brisk it is probable that a greater number of mills would start to run, and the head of water could doubtless be pulled down some and be less satisfactory. There were twelve mills grinding to-day, representing a daily product of 18,200 barrels.

The output for the week promises to average not far from 17,000 barrels per day. The flour market continues very sluggish, sales being light and of a car lot character barely meet the necessary local demand. Some firms reported a

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made By President Harrison.

The President sent the following nominations to the Senate on the 20th:

FREDERICK D. GRANT, of New York, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Austria-Hungary.

JOHN C. NEW, of Indiana, to be consul general of the United States, at London.

PAUL FRICKE, of Texas, to be United States Marshal for the western district of Texas.

The President sent the following nominations to the Senate on the 21st:

MILES C. MOORE, of Walla Walla, Washington Territory, to be governor of Washington Territory.

OLIVER C. WHITE, of Dayton, Washington Territory, to be secretary of Washington Territory.

HENRY N. BLANE, of Montana, to be Chief Justice of the Supreme court of Montana.

JOHN D. FLEMING, of Colorado, to be United States attorney for the district of Colorado.

Postmasters.

Stephen A. Philley, Troy, Ala.; Carlos G. Wilson, Milledgeville, Ills.; Anson H. Reed, Floss, Ills.; Wm. R. Parks, Petersburg, Ills.; Graham L. Rice, West Superior, Wis.; Daniel Kerns, New Philadelphia Ohio; John F. Welch, Nelsonville, O.; George W. Baker, at Athens, O.; Jas. S. Reeves, Union City, Ind.; Dewitt C. Carr, Fowlerville, Mich.; J. B. Yost, North Bend, Neb.; John W. Bawbury, Britton, Dak.

The President sent the following nominations to the Senate on the 23d:

JAMES TANNER, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to be commissioner of pensions.

JAMES M. SHACKLEFORD, of Indiana, to be judge of the United States court for the Indian territory.

ZACHARIAH L. WALKER END, of Kansas, to be attorney of the United States court in Indian territory.

THOMAS B. NEEDLES, of Illinois, to be marshal of the United States court for the Indian territory.

WALKER P. CORBETT, of Georgia, to be marshal of the United States for the southern district of Georgia.

EDWIN WILLITS, of Michigan, to be assistant secretary of Agriculture.

ARCHIBALD A. BURLEIGH, of Maine, to be collector of customs for the district of Aroostook, Maine.

J. W. WAKEFIELD, of Maine, to be collector of customs for the district of Bath, Maine.

CHARLES G. EDWARDS, of Minnesota, to be collector of customs for the district of Minnesota.

GEORGE W. McBRIDE, of Michigan, to be collector of customs for the district of Michigan.

CHARLES M. BRADSHAW, of Washington territory, to be collector of customs for the district of Puget Sound, in the State of Oregon and Territory of Washington.

Naval Appointments.

Commodore David B. Harmony, to be a rear admiral; Capt. Francis M. Ramsey, to be a commodore; Commander Wm. T. Sampson, to be captain; Lieutenant-Commander R. B. Bradford, to be a commander; Lieut. E. H. C. Leutze, to be a lieutenant commander; Lieut. Charles M. McCartney, junior grade, to be a lieutenant.

Postmasters.

Wm. D. Walton, at Struksburg, Pa.; Mary B. Higley, at Minersville, Pa.; Geo. L. Barum, at Suffolk, Va.; Carl C. Crippen, at Eustis, Fla.; Jno. C. Witcher, at Rockdale, Tex.; John W. Berryman, at Versailles, Ky., George W. Cannon, at Asheville, N. C.; Winslow W. Avery, Plymouth, Mass.; Mary V. Shay, Watsontown, Pa.; W. Lee Brand, at Salem, Va.; Robert F. Milner, at Newnan, Ga.; Wm. C. Chilmore, at Centralia, Ills.; J. S. Neville, at Bloomington, Ill.; J. M. Hibbard, at Staughton, Wis.; Theo. A. Burr, Lancaster, Wis.; J. L. King, Topeka, Kas.; E. H. Jones, Holton, Kas.; H. F. Bebout, Rushville, Ind.; J. K. Johnson, Coshocton, O.; J. R. Crain, Jamestown, O.; C. J. Wenser, Tama, Ia.; G. D. Breed, Chilton, Wis.; A. Chalwick, Armaurdale, Kas.

The President sent the following nominations to the Senate on the 26th:

WM. A. MERCER, second lieutenant, 8th infantry, to be first lieutenant.

HARRY R. SULLIVAN, assistant paymaster, to be a passed assistant paymaster in the navy.

FRANCIS E. WARREN, of Wyoming territory, to be governor of Wyoming Territory.

B. F. WHITE, of Dillon, Montana, to be governor of Montana.

LEE MOORHOUSE, of Oregon, to be agent for the Indians of the Umatilla agency, in Oregon.

ROBT. V. BELT, of Maryland, to be assistant commissioner of Indian Affairs.

OSCAR M. SPELLMAN, of Arkansas, to be Marshal of the United States, for the eastern district of Arkansas.

CHARLES C. WALTERS, of Arkansas, to be United States attorney for the eastern district of Arkansas.

Postmasters.

James M. Clark, at New Castle, Pa.; Chas. W. Jones, Martinsville, Va.; William L. Pierce, Gainesville, Texas; William B. Hodge, jr., Marshall, Illinois; Harper Brostin, Allegheny, O.; Zephaniah W. Swope, Little Rock, Ark.; James T. George, Dardanelle, Ark.; Walter W. Brashear, Russellville, Ark.; G. Budd, Bozeman, Mont.; J. M. Moore, Anaconda, Mont.; J. D. Hogue, Tacoma, W. T.

Short Sketches.

Mr. Joseph S. Miller, commissioner of internal revenue, on the 21st took a formal leave of the employes of his bureau, with whom he is very popular. All the clerks in the bureau called upon him and paid their respects; and he was the recipient of a number of floral tributes. His successor in office, Mr. John W. Mason, has received his commission, and will to-morrow enter upon the discharge of his official duties.

Secretary Windom is said to be authority for the statement that there will be no change in the office of United States treasurer, now held by Mr. J. W. Hyatt, before the end of the present fiscal year, June 30. It is understood that Mr. Jos. N. Huston, of Indiana, has been promised the office when it becomes vacant.

Frederick D. Grant, who was to-day nominated to be minister to Austria-Hungary, is the first son of Gen. Grant. He is 30 years of age. He accompanied his father during the war, and was in five battles before he was 13 years old. He entered the Military academy in 1867, and was at one time lieutenant colonel on Lieut. Gen. Sheridan's staff. He was a lieutenant of the Fourth cavalry, when he resigned from the army in 1876, having seen much active service in Indian campaigns. While in the service he married Miss Ida Honore, daughter of an old citizen of Chicago, and has two children, a boy and a girl. Col. Grant accompanied his father on a part of his tour around the world, and assisted in the preparation of his "Personal Memoirs." Since Gen. Grant's death Col. Grant has resided with his mother and cared for her estate.

John Chalfant New, of Indiana, who was nominated to be consul general of London, is 58 years of age. He is a native Hoosier, and a graduate of Bethany college, Va. He served during the war as quartermaster general for the state of Indiana, and before that time had been clerk of Marion county. His financial record includes services as financial secretary to Gov. Morton, of Indiana, cashier and president of the First National bank, of Indianapolis, United States treasurer and assistant secretary of the treasury.

Since his resignation of the last named office in 1884 he has been actively engaged in politics, being at present a member of the Republican National committee and ex-chairman of the Indiana State committee of Indiana. In 1881, he became proprietor of the Indianapolis *Daily Journal* and has conducted the affairs of that newspaper with marked ability up to the present time. Col. New's family consists of his wife, son, Harry S. New, and two young daughters.

"Corporal" Tanner's Career.

James Tanner was born in Cobleskill, Schoharie county, New York, in 1843. At the age of 17 he enlisted as a private in the Eighth New York Volunteers. For gallantry on the field he was made a corporal. A rebel shell at Bull Run tore away both of his legs, and his career as a soldier ended. After months passed in the hospital cork legs were substituted for those of flesh.

Assistant Secretary of War Charles A. Dana in 1865, appointed the crippled soldier to a clerkship in the war department. When Abraham Lincoln was dying, Tanner was summoned to the sick room of the President to take down in short hand certain testimony in reference to the assassination. He was admitted to the bar in 1869, and was appointed the same year to custom house clerkship. He was a deputy collector under Gen. Arthur.

Mayor Schroeder appointed him collector of taxes of Brooklyn, and he was three appointed to that office by succeeding mayors. During his incumbency of the collectorship he effected several reforms in the administration of the office, and collected about $60,000,000. Not a penny remained unaccounted for.

He aspired to be register in 1876, but was defeated. Six years ago he led his party in a race for sheriff, but failed of election. He is a Post commander of the department of New York, G. A. R., and has been the most active member of the National committee on Pensions of the Grand Army.

To Work More Rapidly.

The special committee appointed in the last Congress to investigate the methods of doing business in the executive departments has completed its work, and the report will be made to the Senate in a few days. The document is an exhausting and interesting one, containing numerous illustrations of how red tape and senseless adherence to forms and precedents interrupt and retard the dispatch of public business.

The report will show that in some departments, the Pension and Land bureaus, for instance, it requires as long a time as four or five years to settle a claim or get information of certain kinds. Claims filed as far back as 1884 in these bureaus are still undisposed of. In some offices efforts are making to get out of old ruts and adopt new and better methods, with the result that business is dispatched with greater accuracy, more speedily and with more benefit to those interested.

The postmaster general's office is up with current business and requests for information are answered within 24 hours.

In the surgeon general's office Dr. Ainsworth has introduced a card index, by the use of which he has caught up with the business, over a year behind at the time he took hold, and been able to furnish information in 72 per cent of cases against 59 per cent under the old style.

Senator Cockrell says there is, however, in many, if not most cases, a disposition to ignore improved ways of doing business; and the report will recommend, among other things, that a commission be appointed with authority and direction to institute the reforms suggested. He thinks the use of the card index in the military and naval records would not only greatly facilitate the transaction of business, but lead to a very considerable reduction of the clerical force now necessary in several departments.

A Word to Soldiers.

Secretary Tracy has defined his intentions in the matter of retaining or reinstating navy yard employes, in the following letter addressed to an employe in the bureau of yards and docks, Washington navy yard:

"I have your letter of the 19th inst. concerning your discharge from the position of clerk in the bureau of yards and docks in the Washington navy yard, in which you state your record as a soldier, and also that this record was the sole cause of your appointment.

"In reply, and to correct erroneous impressions concerning the same, I have to state that you were discharged upon the recommendation of the chief of the bureau of Yards and Docks for inefficiency in the performance of your duties. At the time of my approval of the recommendation for your dismissal I was not aware of your military record, and it is a cause of deep regret that such a result should happen to a soldier. But, nevertheless, it is necessary to the proper transaction of the business of the Navy department that persons holding positions thereunder shall be able to discharge their duties in a manner satisfactory to their superior officers. While the fact of a person having a good record as a soldier will be considered among the best of recommendations, for retention in, or appointment to a position under the navy department, ability to perform satisfactorily the duties of the position which he holds or to which he aspires, must be a condition precedent to a favorable consideration of an application for retention or appointment."

Treasury Surplus.

The treasury surplus has been steadily increasing for several days past. It now amounts to $50,200,000, or $5,000,000 more than it was ten days ago. This increase is due to the great excess of receipts over disbursements since the first of the month. The receipts to date aggregate $23,200,000, while the expenditures during the same period amount to a little over $12,000,000, including about $2,000,000 paid out on account of pensions. Until recently the receipts and expenditures have been pretty well balanced by the purchase of bonds, but this method of applying the surplus has been considerably hampered of late by the light offerings.

The purchases have been continued to 4½ per cent bonds, but this is partly due to the high price asked for the 4 per cents. Secretary Windom has announced his purpose to continue for the present, at least, the system of purchases adopted by his predecessor, and that he would willingly increase the purchases if the offers permitted it. He has been urged to resume the purchase of 4 per cent as a more profitable use of the surplus than the purchase of 4½ per cent. He declines, however, to make known his views on this subject beyond the statement that his policy as to the future must be determined by his treatment of the offers.

The Treasury department has decided that importations of broken wool tops are dutiable at 60 cents per pound, as "tops" and not at 10 cents a pound as "waste." It is suspected that the tops are broken to resemble waste in order to evade the higher rate of duty imposed upon "tops."

Pernicious Politics.

One of the matters considered at the Cabinet meeting on the 21st was the case of an Illinois postmaster whose removal was asked by one of the Illinois Congressmen because of the postmaster's political activity. It was admitted by the Congressman that the office was well managed and the matter was called to the attention of the Cabinet for the reason that the action taken in this case might constitute a precedent hereafter.

Postmaster General Wanamaker said that he did not feel at liberty to take about that took place at the cabinet meeting. There is reason to believe, however, that the result of the meeting was averse to the wishes of the Illinois congressman, but it is not known whether or not any fixed line of action in cases of this kind was determined upon.

Naval Appointments.

Secretary Tracy has ordered Commodore A. E. K. Benham to take command of the navy yard at Mare Island, California, which position was made vacant by the departure of Rear Admiral Beiknap to take command of the Asiatic squadron. Commodore Benham is at present awaiting orders.

Rear Admiral Stephen B. Luce has been informed by the navy department that he will be placed on the retired list on the 25th inst. His retirement will cause the promotion of the following officers:

Commodore David B. Harmony to be rear admiral; Capt. F. M. Ramsay, to commodore; Commander W. T. Casey, to captain; Lieutenant Commander Royal Bradford, to be commander, and Lieutenant A H. C. Lentze, to be lieutenant commander.

Sherman Going to Europe.

Senator Sherman has decided to start for Europe as soon as possible after the adjournment of the Senate. He does not expect to return until September or October.

Has Taken the Oath.

Col. Fred D. Grant called at the department of State on the 25th, and took the oath of office as United States minister to Austria. It is probable he will not leave for his post before the latter part of April.

Youmans' Successor.

While no appointment has been made, it is practically settled that Mr. F. C. Brackett, of Washington, will succeed Mr. E. W. Youmans as chief clerk of the treasury.

Whitfield at Work.

Mr. Smith A. Whitfield, of Ohio, took the oath of office on the 23d, and entered upon his duties as second assistant postmaster general.

Supervising Architect.

It is said that Mr. George S. Windsim, of Philadelphia, has accepted the office of supervising architect of the treasury.

Washington Chat.

In the executive session of the Senate, Senator Sherman announced that President Harrison would be so far along with his nominations that the Senate might conveniently adjourn in a few days. It is the expectation the special session will end on Thursday or Friday next.

The secretary of the Navy has been informed through the secretary of State that his eminence, the bishop of Alaska and the Aleutian islands, contemplates an early tour of inspection to the most distant parishes of his episcopal see, and that he will be provided with a Russian war vessel for that purpose.

Mr. Mason will not be in a hurry in making changes in the Internal Revenue bureau.

The collections of internal revenue for the first eight months of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889, were $83,364,211, an increase of $2,603,744 over the collections for the corresponding period of the last fiscal year.

The Vandalia reports from Apia, under date of February 23, that everything is quiet on the island.

BEHRING'S SEA.

An Attempt to Settle What Has Long Been an International Question.

The President has issued a proclamation relative to Behring's sea, which cannot fail to attract international attention.

This proclamation will be the first information which most people will have that, in the closing hours of the last Congress an amendment was incorporated in the inter-territorial salmon fishery act, which in effect declares that Behring's sea is a closed sea.

By this legislative enactment, Congress has attempted to settle a grave point over which the nations have contended.

The amendment in its terms extends the provisions of the salmon fishing act to seal fishing in Behring's sea.

That is to say the act forbids the taking of seal by any one not authorized by the act, within the water of Behring's sea, and does not exclude them merely from fishing on certain islands.

The amendment is, of course, of the greatest importance to the Alaska Fur Seal company, as it will preserve the seal fisheries for them. It is also of great importance to the American and Canadian fishermen who may have been planning to engage in seal fishing in the open waters of the Behrings Sea this season, as so many of the Canadian vessels did last season.

The act authorizes the seizure of such vessels by United States revenue cutters. The proclamation of the President will call attention to this fact. The act may give rise to important international complications.

It is an attempt by legislative enactment o settle an international question which he great powers interested may consider till an open one.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

WILLIAM MUST GO.

The King of the Netherlands No Longer Capable of Ruling.

Upon the assembling of the lower house of parliament of Holland on the 26th, the prime minister announced that the Cabinet had decided that the king was incapacitated for carrying on the government, and had communicated this decision to the state council.

The declaration of the council in the matter is now awaited.

[William III., the present ruler of the Netherlands, was born February 19, 1817. He was married June 18, 1839, to Princess Sophie, second daughter of King William I., of Wurtemburg. He became a widower June 3, 1877, and was married again January 7, 1879, to Queen Emma, daughter of Prince George Victor, of Waldeck. Their first child was Princess Wilhelmina, born August 30, 1880, and she will succeed to the throne under a regency. The royal family of the Netherlands, known as the House of Orange, descend from a German Count Waldron, who lived in the 11th century. Through the marriage of Count Engelbrecht, a branch of Otho, Count of Nassau, with Jane of Polanen, in 1404, the family acquired the baroney of Breda, and thereby settled in the Netherlands. Additional allowances brought the House much wealth in the South of France. The average reign of the three sovereigns, including the present king, amounted to 23 years. William has been in failing health and mind for two or three years, and during the last six months of his reign has been able to attend to very few of the duties of his office].

PANAMA.

The Suspension of Work on the Canal Brings Hard Times.

The condition of affairs on the Isthmus has been critical for some weeks past as already reported, and everything has worn a gloomy aspect.

Thousands of men were thrown out of work, and similar results ensued to those which occur anywhere in the world when work stops and thousands are left with their hands in pockets which contain no money.

Fortunately emigration on an extensive scale has ensued, and it is expected before a month will have elapsed at least 5,000 men will have been sent hence.

Commercial matters all over the isthmus are in a bad condition, and there is little business doing. The Colon chamber of commerce has united in petitioning for a reduction of all kinds of taxes, owing to the complete stoppage of trade in the city.

An instance of the condition of affairs has been given by Governor Aycardi, who has issued a decree suspending payment of the debt of the former state of Panama, and effecting other economies.

Governor Aycardi states that these measures have been adopted owing to the suspension of work on the canal having reduced the receipts of the government, which will be further diminished owing to the receipts from taxes falling off.

In consequence of the collapse of the local freight and passenger traffic on the Panama railroad, the number of employes has been considerably reduced.

At present only two passenger and two freight trains cross the line daily from either end. This reduction in traffic is, of course, due to the stoppage of canal work.

Placards Posted Announcing a General Massacre in China.

The occidental and oriental steamer Arabic arrived late on the 23d, bringing Hong Kong news to February 28, and Yokonoma advices to March 11.

In Shantung the anti-foreign excitement runs high.

A missionary from Chi Hsi Yu states the Chinese in that city have posted placards outside various foreign residences, notifying the tenants that they intend to massacre all Christians before long.

On the Right Track.

Governor General Salamanca, since his arrival at Havana, has been indefatigable in his labors, and is constantly on the go, familiarizing himself with the condition of affairs in Cuba. He has made frequent visits to the jails, hospitals and other institutions. Several decrees, having in view the welfare of the people, have been issued. One reminds the criminal classes that the industrious citizens will be protected against their depredations, and another assures them that severe measures will be taken to secure their repression.

The Ontario Parliament Has Passed the Reciprocity Treaty.

In the Canadian parliament Mr. Kirkpatrick's bill granting reciprocity in wrecking in inland waters of Canada, was read for the third time, and was passed, after an hour's debate on the 21st.

During the debate, Mr. John Charlton moved an amendment that reciprocity in towing be included in the bill. The motion was lost by a vote of 108 to 56. Sir Hector Langevin, minister of Public Works, was the only cabinet minister who voted for the amendment.

The Copper Failure.

Copper still monopolizes the attention of financiers, in Europe, and in France has become a political factor. The year 1889 will justly claim, hereafter, to be known as the copper year. Taking copper at £50 per ton, it is calculated that the syndicate will lose £6,000,000. Yesterday in the French chamber of deputies the minister described the authors of the syndicate as ruined.

No Change.

The election in the Gorton division of Lancashire, to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons caused by the death of Mr. Richard Peacock, Gladstonian, resulted on the 23d, in the return of Mr. Wm Mather, Gladstonian.

A Gladstone Dead.

Sir Thomas Gladstone, baronet, died on March 20. Sir Thomas, who was the only surviving brother of the Right Hon. William E. Gladstone, was born July 25, 1804.

He May Get It.

In a speech at Watford Lord Salisbury stated that nothing short of a vote of want of confidence would bring the government to a premature end, and that those who thought otherwise were amusing themselves with vain dreams.

Boulanger Has a Fit.

While dining in the Cafe Durant on the 25th, Gen. Boulanger was suddenly seized with a fainting fit and had to be conveyed to his home. No serious results are reported.

German Views on Samoa.

The Cologne *Gazette* commenting on the Samoan question, says that owing to the attitude of America it is natural Germany should seek a full agreement with England before the Samoan conference meets.

The Credit Foncier.

La Petite Republique Francaise, of Paris, says that the deposits of the credit foncier exceed 84,000,000f.; and that they have increased 10,000,000f since the crisis in the affairs of the Comptair d' Escompte.

A Russian Surplus.

The St. Petersburg *Grashdanin* says that the Russian budget surplus in 1888 was 60,000,000 roubles, and that the revision of the customs tariff has been postponed.

LABOR MATTERS.

An Organization to Take in all the Glass Workers.

The new union of glass house men, the first assembly of which was organized at Pittsburg a week ago, promises to be one of the largest of labor organizations. The Window Glass Workers' association and the Flint Glass Workers' union only admitted skilled workmen. Other classes of workmen employed about the factories, many of them earning good wages, have had no union. The new organization now being formed proposes to take all classes of women employed about the glass houses. It is estimated that their membership will reach at least 10,000.

Ohio Coal Miners.

John McBride and W. T. Lewis, president and secretary of the miners' national union, have issued a circular to the miners, deploring the failure to agree at the recent meeting of miners and operators, and intimating that the dissolution of the Inter-state agreement will result only in temporary benefit to any one; that there are some who yet have to learn from experience that which others have realized.

New York Labor.

The Central Labor Union of New York at a meeting decided to reorganize by requesting all unions to elect new delegates to the Central body. A committee was appointed to endeavor to bring about a reconciliation with the delegates who withdrew some weeks ago and formed the Central Labor Federation.

Will Demand a Reduction.

The coal operators' convention at Terre Haute will present a solid front to the miners on the scale question and will demand a reduction from last year's scale which expires on May 1.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Republicans Will Refuse to Obey Gov. Wilson's Call.

It is reported at Charleston, West Virginia, that the Republican members of the legislature have entered into an agreement after a thorough canvass of the political situation, to refuse to obey the call of Gov. Wilson for an extra session of that body on the ground that he is not the lawful governor of the state and is therefore without authority to issue such call. This determination has reached the ears of the Democrats and has kicked up an immense hubbub.

While the Democrats have one majority in the house they are two in the minority in the Senate and they are busy arranging to combine their forces in case of the opposition. It is likely should Republicans fail to respond the sergeant-at-arms will be sent to arrest them at their homes, and this might easily precipitate that.

They Would Like to Jockey With the Judge to Settle a Case.

There was a rather remarkable occurrence in the United States court at Wheeling, W. Va., on the 22d, which shows the futility of any further attempt by the government to secure convictions in election cases, at least with the present panel. Hiny Frey, alleged to be a repeater, was on trial, and at 6:30 the jury came into the court and said there was no possible chance of an agreement being reached.

The court said it would send them back, when Foreman O'Brien said some of the jury was willing to convict if they could be assured in advance what the punishment would be. The court sharply reproved the jury for this attempt to compromise the case. Thereupon the jury retired and in five minutes returned a verdict of not guilty.

GENERAL GOFF.

He Will Fight for His Rights Before the Highest Tribunals.

Gen. Goff, the Republican gubernatorial candidate who received the majority of the votes cast at the recent election in West Virginia, and who is now engaged in a contest before the legislature with Judge Fleming to establish his claims, has arrived at Charleston for a conference with his friends.

In an interview he asserted in the strongest way his determination to push his claim in all possible ways, and before all proper tribunals, and said he felt confident that the legislature would, from the evidence he should place before the special committee, finally acknowledge the justness of his position and the soundness of his claim to be a legal governor of the state.

TWENTY-FIVE MILLIONS.

A Circular Issued for a Meeting to Consider Vast Interests.

Circulars to the stockholders of the North Chicago Rolling Mill company, the Union Steel company, and the Joliet Steel company, calling a special meeting for May with a view to their consolidation into one concern, have been issued.

Mr. W. H. Porter, president of the first named company, gave some additional particulars about the matter to a reporter. He said that the consolidation was practically effected; that it had received the assent of the holders of a majority of the stock of all of the companies, and that the preliminaries were so well forwarded that, within two days after the final vote to consolidate, the three concerns would be working as one.

"Will it be really a consolidation, or a purchase of the Union and Joliet companies by the North Chicago?"

"The Joliet will be bought. In all likelihood the Union will also be bought. The purchaser will not be the North Chicago, but the new concern which is to replace all three.

"Of course the North Chicago stockholders will be the principal owners of the new concern."

"How will the capital stock of the new company be represented?"

"Fifteen million dollars of it will represent the combined plants of the three companies $5,000,000 will be in cash as a working capital, $5,000,000 will remain unissued in the hands of the treasurer to be used in making such changes as occasion may require, the total capital stock will thus be $25,000,000."

THE SALT TRUST.

A Good Foundation for the Story of the Combine.

The report about the formation of an international syndicate which will absorb the salt works of the United States, including those of the Onondaga salt reservation, has made a decided stir in Syracuse, N. Y. Judge George E. Comstock, who is reported to be largely interested in the new enterprise, said to-day:

"I believe it true that there are capitalists who profess at least a desire to buy up and consolidate the leading salt interests in the country, and that some of them live in England. I do not understand that it is their purpose to raise the price of salt. The domestic salt trade of the country has, to my certain knowledge, been a losing trade for several years."

Judge Comstock expressed a willingness to get rid of his large salt property at a fair price. He placed the capital of the proposed syndicate at $10,000,000. He is also receiver of the American Dairy Salt Co., which comprises nearly all the fine salt property of the Onondaga reservation, and much of the coarse salt property is included in the property which he holds in trust with power of attorney to sell.

The whole amount which he has to sell will include a greater part of the salt interests in this locality.

He said he was not able to tell the figure at which the entire amount was offered. The movement was started only a few months ago, and since then most of the owners of salt property have been asked to set the lowest figure at which they would sell.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE DEATH ROLL.

The More Prominent of Those who Have Gone Over to the Majority.

On March 17, in Paris, M. Adrien Hebrard, Senator of France and editor of the *Temps*, aged 55. Samuel Carter Hall, F. S. A., the well-known English writer and art critic is dead, aged 88; in London, Lady Arnold, wife of Sir Edward Arnold. Sir Thomas Gladstone, Bart., is dead, aged 85; M. August Von Pettenkofen, the Austrian painter, is dead, aged 68.

Count Peter Schouvaloff, the Russian general and diplomat, is dead. He was a native of St. Petersburg, and was about 62 years old. His military promotion was rapid. He was a governor for some time of the Baltic provinces, and later had charge of the government secret service police. He was an ambassador at Paris and London, and had charge of several important diplomatic missions for his country with England, Austria and France.

The death of Associate Justice Stanley Matthews is given elsewhere.

On March 23, at Monmouth, Ill., Prof. E. F. Reid, of Monmouth college; at Dubuque, Ia., Jno. D. Jennings; at Ann Arbor, Mich., Prof. Geo. S. Morris, of Michigan University.

At Pittsburg, on March 24, John Scott, President Allegheny Valley railroad.

Theodore Steinway Dead.

Mr. Theodore Steinway, of the firm of Steinway & Sons, piano makers of New York, died on the 26th at Brunswick.

Mahoney Dying.

The condition of ex-Congressman Peter Paul Mahoney of Brooklyn, was extremely critical on the 26th and it was not expected that he will live through the night.

FIRE RECORD.

The More Notable Conflagrations Happening During the Week.

On March 18, in Brandon, Vt., the Simonds block, $150,000; at Peoria, Ill., the Comstock & Avery furniture store, $75,000.

On March 19, at Bay City, Mich., Smith Bros.' mill, $410,000; in Oswego, N. Y., Darwin, Rich & Stone's flour and feed mill, $45,000; in Patterson, N. J., E. E. Wait's sash and blind factory, $30,000; in Lexington, Mo., McGrew's flouring mill, $75,000.

On March 20, in Toronto, Ont., the chair factory of Kerr Bros., $80,000; in Ashley, Pa., car and paint shops of the Central railroad, $110,000; in Bowmanville, Ont., the business portion of the town, $115,000.

On March 21, in Dover, N. H., the city hall and other buildings, $85,000; in Milwaukee, Wis., Richard Davis Marine Boiler works, $00,000.

On March 26, Grand Central warehouse Chicago, owned by Maurierre; loss $1,500,000.

The $1,500,000 Chicago Fire.

The Grand Central warehouse, at Rush and North Water streets, Chicago, was burned to the ground on the 26th, and the contents are a total loss, the aggregate of which is now placed at $1,500,000.

It was a government bonded warehouse, and 90 per cent of its contents were teas and coffees, in bond for the import duty, and their ownership was widely distributed.

Perhaps the heaviest losers are Fitch, Howland & Co., of Chicago, who had $250,000 worth of teas in the building.

Other Chicago firms who had property in the building, but the amount of whose losses was unknown, are: C. B. Ladrope & Co.; Hillyer & Co.; Falker & Stern; Wineman, Conant & Co.; W. F. Peel & Co.; Robt. Jeffery & Co.; and the Union National bank.

Outside firms which lose by the fire are: Hyde & Southworth and E. S. Conant & Co., both of Boston; Siegsfried & Brownderstein, San Francisco; Eppers, Smith, Windman & Co.; Carter, Hawley & Co., Geo. W. Lane & Co. and W. P. Rolme & Co., all of New York city.

BARN BURNERS.

Two Boys and Three Women Arrested for the Crime.

At York, Pa., on the 20th, the officers arrested James and Howard Stump, aged 9 and 11 years, for setting fire to the barn of Lewis Miller, in North Cadorus township, February 9; Mrs. Elizabeth Weaver, for destroying the barn of Benj. Forrey, in Manheim township, November 24, 1888; Mrs. Aurelia Miller, for burning the barn of David Newcomer, in Manhattan township, January 2, and Miss Cora Reible, for firing the barn of Levi Dubs, in Manhattan township, December 14, 1888.

Mrs. Weaver is the mother of five children, one a babe at the breast, which is in prison with her. Mrs. Miller has also a large family. Cora Reible is 16 years old. All protest their innocence, but the officers claim to have much evidence against them. The mother of the Stump boys fainted when the officers revealed their purpose. Their father says they were in the barn, but had no matches.

New York Aldermen Arrested for Violating the Election Laws.

Alderman Charles Goetz, Charles M. Jackson, Morris Isaacs and Edward Butler, of New York, were arrested on the 26th by Inspector Byrne's detectives, on bench warrants issued from the General Sessions court, on indictments found by the grand jury charging these parties with violating the election laws.

The evidence was furnished by the Reform association. Later Charles, alias "Silver Dollar," Smith, the member of the assembly from the Eighth district, was taken into custody on the same charge. All the prisoners were taken to the district attorney's office.

Has Set the Style.

The hasty marriage of the daughter of Chief Justice Fuller has given a stimulus to the young people of Washington.

Miss Kitty L. Thompson, a quite well-known local singer, traveled to Baltimore, and was married to Mr. E. L. Berry, a nephew of Senator Berry, of Arkansas, who is clerk to the senator's committee. The ceremony was performed by a Presbyterian minister.

After it was over the young couple returned to Washington and proceeded to the home of the bride's mother and informed her of what they had done. They received the paternal blessing, and in the evening formed a party at the theater. The young lady, just before leaving the house early in the day, laughingly told her mother that she was going to imitate Miss Fuller, but it was taken as a joke and the parents were much surprised when they afterwards learned of the marriage.

A Land Office Business.

The land about Red Lodge, Montana, on the recently opened Indian reservation was thrown open on the 24th, for settlement. Parties representing New York, St. Louis, Chicago, San Francisco and Helena capitalists were present, as well as Union Pacific and Northern Pacific attorneys. The most extensive and easiest mined coal lands in Montana are located at this point, and the result is some land has been filed on as agricultural and coal. The day was the busiest ever known in the history of the Bozeman land office, the receipts from filings being $76,000. It seems probable there will be a contest over every entry made.

Knew Where to Find It.

John Morris, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., refused refused to put the savings of a lifetime, $1,255, in a bank as he thought it would not be safe, and he had his wife sew the money up in her petticoat. On Saturday night three masked men entered his wife's bedroom, gagged her, stole thepetticoat from under her pillow and then escaped. It is now thought this was a conspiracy, William Standish, a neighbor, has been arrested. The wife identified him as one of the men in her bedroom.

A Confederate Home.

There was a meeting at the New York Academy of Music on the 25th, under the auspices of the New York Citizens' committee, in aid of the national Confederate Home at Austin, Tex. Gen. H. H. Barnum presided. Many Grand Army men were in the audience, including Gen. T. T. Chittendeu and Gen. Carl Schurz. There were also numerous Confederate veterans present.

The Yorktown Accepted.

The gunboat Yorktown has been delivered to the naval authorities at League Island. The vessel was towed down the Delaware river on the 25th from Cramp's ship yard and formally handed over to Capt. Seelye, commandant of the League Island navy yard, who gave the Messrs. Cramp a receipt for the big war ship.

Will Not Run the Risk.

The Illinois Central Railroad company has given notice that it will no longer ship liquors into Iowa from Dubuque.

ELECTING A SENATOR.

The Rhode Island Legislature Fail on the First Ballot.

The two branches of the Rhode Island legislature cast their respective votes for United States Senator on the 26th, to succed Jonathan Chase, resigned.

The vote resulted in no election, as follows:

Dixon, 41; Welmore, 28; Colt, 6; Wm. Goddard, 2; Arnold (D.), 16; Smith 1; R. H. Goddard, 4; Durfee, 5; Taft, 2; Bourne, 1.

A Bill Mysteriously Disappears, and After Being Changed, is Returned.

There are sensational developments at Indianapolis in connection with the bill passed by the recent General Assembly requiring uniformity in the screening and weighing of coal and such inspection as would prevent cheating of the miners.

There was a strong lobby influence against the bill from the mine operators and the miners were equally zealous in its advocacy.

The House passed the bill, and it came up for third reading in the Senate on the closing days of the session.

Some amendments were made by the Senate, and when it was sent to the House for concurrence in the changes, like some other bills in which the lobby was greatly interested, it mysteriously disappeared.

Investigation was threatened, and the speaker announced that he would at once issue warrants for the arrest of the persons suspected or having stolen it. The threats had the effect of bringing the bill from concealment, but it turned up as mysteriously as it disappeared.

It was sent to the engrossing room for recopying, and it was there that the rascally work of destroying the force of the act was accomplished.

This was done in recopying the bill by leaving out the enacting clause. This renders the act null and void. No one has any idea who did the work. The defeat of the bill will cause much disappointment among miners of the state, as it was a measure which they were more interested in than any other that came before the legislature.

The Pope Won't Come.

In reference to the remark of Cardinal Parocchio at a banquet in Rome Tuesday, that if the Pope should find it necessary to leave Europe at some future day, he would receive an honorable hospitality from the American bishops, Cardinal Gibbons said on the 21st that Cardinal Parrocchio's expression was no doubt meant as a tribute to the hospitable spirit of the American bishops, clergy and people.

"For," said Cardinal Gibbons, "there was scarcely any foundation for the statements so often made that the Pope would leave Rome. The papacy is too intimately connected by past associations and memorable events to make the Pope's removal at all probable. The same reports were circulated as long ago as the time of Archbishop Eccleston."

Mexican Outlaws Driven Across the Line by Texas Officers.

Santos Basaldna, a notorious Mexican outlaw, crossed the river into Texas on Monday, with a band of fifteen raiders.

Sheriff Sheely and Capt. Burke, with a party of rangers, started in pursuit.

They overhauled Basaldna and his gang on the bank of the river, just preparing to recross. A hot tight took place, and two Mexicans were killed while fording the river. The rest reached the other side in safety.

Two of the rangers were wounded. Basaldna was one of the leaders in the Juan Garcia abduction. It is believed he was trying to abduct a rich ranchman of this county.

Elsie James Convicted of a Bloody and Deliberate Crime.

Elsie James, a full-blood Chickasaw squaw, was convicted of murder on the 23d, at Fort Smith, Ark. in the Federal court. She with her sister, Margaret James, on July 23, 1887, killed Charles Jones, a white man, a renter on Elsie's farm, near Stonewall. It was for his money. Elsie shot him in her own house, and with her sister carried the body into the woods and buried it. They secured $600 and fled to Texas. They were tried last fall, the jury failing to agree. The trial occupied one week this time. Margaret was acquitted. The convicted woman had considerable property and was ably defended. She makes the fourth woman convicted of murder under Judge Parker during the past fourteen years. The other three were not Indians.

Strange How Boats are Deserted, and Then Refuse to Sink.

The American missionary steam packet Morning Star, Capt. G. F. Garland, arrived at Honolulu March 6, prior to the departure of the steamship Australia, 35 days from the Caroline Islands.

Capt. Garland brought definite news of the wreck of the Canadian ship Rock Terrace, whose loss has been heretofore mentioned in these dispatches.

She was abandoned at Guan island, 10 deg. north, then went adrift and floated about from May to September. Finally, after travelling 2,000 miles, she struck on on Taro island in the Gilbert group. All her spars and rigging were standing in good order, but she has since been completely wrecked. The natives secured most of the cargo of kerosene oil that the Rock Terrace sailed with from Philadelphia for Manilla.

Two Women Fight With Swords in California.

A dispatch from Los Angeles, Cal., says a brutal fight occurred Tuesday night between two Japanese girls, who had quarreled. They seized short Japanese swords and attacked each other.

Each proved skilful in the use of the we